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# STORIES ABOUT CATS

BY  
MRS. SURREY

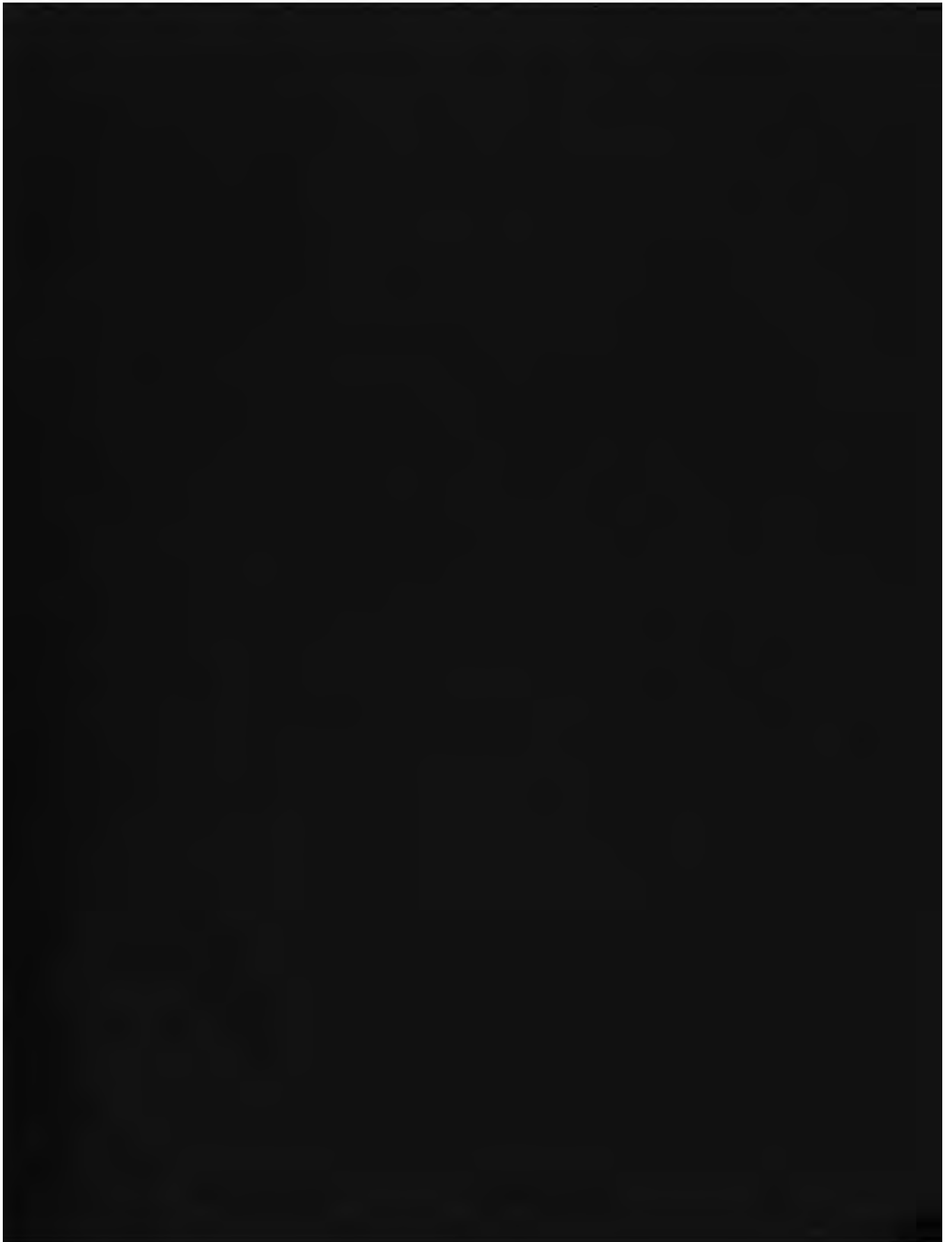


WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON WEIR











STORIES ABOUT CATS.









"TO HELP DUMB CREATURES IN THEIR NEED."

Page 207.

# STORIES ABOUT CATS.

*By*

MRS. SURR,

*Author of "Good Out of Evil," "Sea-Birds, and the Story of their Lives."  
&c. &c.*



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## INTRODUCTION.

---

At Mem'ry's summons, heard afar,  
In furry troops they come,  
So eloquent of speech that none  
Henceforth may call them dumb.

---

CATS of all kinds, and countries, and colours : cats meek and delightful—cats spitting and spiteful ; cats clawing and caterwauling — cats velvet-footed and purring ; cats cared for and cats neglected ; fat and sleek cats, sleeping on warm hearth-rugs before blazing fires—fierce, lean, and mangy cats, out in the cold, yelling on house-tops, wagging angry tails, “making night hideous ;” crafty and vicious cats, with cunning green eyes, creeping to pilfer—cats noble and grand, incapable of meanness ; cats grave and cats playful ; cats beautiful, gentle, useful, graceful, courageous, affectionate, and unselfish,—we enter upon the pleasant



task of extolling your many virtues, recording your many sorrows, rehearsing your many meritorious deeds, making allowance for your many errors, and extenuating, where possible, your many crimes. From our youth up we have cultivated the companionship of cats to such an extent, that the names of our old pets enumerated would form a lengthy catalogue. It is lamentable to recall the snowy Persians, soft-furred Angoras, grand English tabbies, handsome tortoiseshells, and large sable beauties—all defunct. Truly, the feline favourites we have "loved and lost" might have filled a fair-sized catacomb. And each in its day fulfilled its mission, lived to purpose, and died, having done its duty. We have stroked a cat over whose yellow-gray head twenty summers passed before its place in the home was vacant; but our cats generally were not nearly so long-lived. Some died early and naturally; others fell victims to accident, poison, or violence; some we missed and never again heard of; and but a few grew old in our service. At times half a dozen or more lived together under our roof; for, having a kindly feeling

towards dumb animals, stray cats always received at our hands a hearty welcome, and were at once admitted to nursery, parlour, or kitchen. We have said truly that each lived to purpose: for now one would purr by the sick child's pillow, lulling him to sleep with a low, soft song; then another would emerge triumphantly from the neighbourhood of the larder, bearing the fierce rat whose depredations had been for weeks the theme of household lamentation; and a third would allow a group of little children to amuse themselves at its expense for hours in succession, permitting them to hug it and lug it about, tug at its ears, and turn them inside out, dress it up, almost squeeze the breath out of its body—ay, and even hold it up by the tail, with never a complaint, save that expressed in an occasional involuntary mew. Costly catafalques have been reared in honour of men who died wealthy and lived uselessly, but these deserved such remembrance less than many domestic cats whose decease we lamented because of the constant good service they did us during their patient lives.

It is not our intention to treat in these pages of

those fierce and dangerous members of the great feline family who roar and growl in the forests' gloom, emerging at times from their native jungles to strike terror into whole neighbourhoods by their nocturnal depredations. We are rather disposed to discourse only of those graceful animals, domestic and wild, commonly called *cats*, leaving wonderful adventures with lions, tigers, and leopards to be related by those who love tales of danger and enterprise. And truly the subject of the creatures known only as cats is wide enough to fill a fair-sized volume. Our own experience, combined with that of our friends and acquaintance, will amply enable us to furnish our readers with so many true anecdotes of those familiar animals, domestic cats, showing their intelligence, affection, teachableness, usefulness, and sagacity, that we may be well contented to leave thrilling stories of the doings of the denizens of trackless forests to be written by abler hands.

The dispositions of cats vary almost as greatly as their markings; but most are capable of strong affection, and few show themselves ungrateful for

kindly human notice. Their sociability renders them favourites everywhere, and in the lowly cottage or the gorgeous palace they are equally at home. The farmer is glad to see them in his barns, for the useful service they render him by destroying the rats and mice that devour his corn; and for the same good reason their presence is welcomed in the stable and the mill. Lone men and women, without "kith or kin," who thus find themselves in a great measure debarred from the sweets of kind human companionship, frequently solace themselves by cultivating the society of these tame domestic animals. Sometimes one of these creatures may be met with that is so strongly attached to a horse as to leave the stable only on rare occasions, making its bed at night either in rack or manger. Often a sick man or child becomes the object of a cat's affection, and the animal may be seen purring by the pillow, or curled round asleep at the foot of the invalid's couch. In the mansions of the rich splendid specimens of cats repose on velvet cushions, petted by their owners, and the "admired of all observers." Others, not less happy, bask lazily in

sunny shop windows, looking sleepily out of their half-closed eyes at the passers-by. Some spend their days in out-houses and cattle-sheds, and their nights in lofts, from which they emerge in the morning with their coats fragrant with the smell of the sweet-scented hay. Whenever a new dwelling becomes occupied, a cat is sure to be soon resident there also. At almost every cottage door in the country, on whose threshold the little children sit and play in summer time, a cat or kitten may be seen in the arms or lap of one of the noisy group. If we take a walk in the fields, we are nearly certain to come upon a fine cat roaming abroad close to the hedgerow, peering among the bushes in search of prey. If we stroll through the woods, a cat with hunting propensities creeps from the brushwood, glaring at us with fierce, frightened green eyes. If we pass down a London street, following in the wake of the cats'-meatman, our feline favourites rush out, with tails erect, from opening doors, uttering impatient cries for the unsavoury repast he brings. If we look down through area railings, there are cats napping on the kitchen window-sills.

When we sit "curtained, and closed, and warm" around the Christmas log-piled fire, incomplete indeed is our happy family circle if puss is not on the rug as its centre. Our playmate she has been from earliest childhood, and vainly may memory seek to recall the hour of our first introduction to the cat.

Puss is a good-tempered and long-enduring animal, that will permit an infant to pull her about, and almost hug the life out of her, without even unsheathing a claw in self-defence. She appears to know intuitively that it would be mean to harm a baby, and so suffers her ears to be pinched and her sides pommelled by the small fat fists, without endeavouring to escape, or showing a particle of resentment.

The domestic cat is also an extremely cleanly animal. She seems to be fully alive to the beauty of her soft, lovely garment of fur, and therefore most anxious to preserve it from spot or stain. She appears to think no amount of time or trouble ill-bestowed upon the washing of her beautiful coat; and even her face, though invisible to her own eyes,

is not neglected when she performs her ablutions. How vigorously she licks one of her front paws, and, when she deems it sufficiently moist, passes it over closed eyes, nose, and forehead, just as a delicate lady would use a wet towel !

Did you ever observe her crossing a dirty road ? How daintily she threads her way between the little pools ; and, on arriving at the other side, how she shakes her feet one after another, lest they may have been soiled in the passing over ! There are boys and girls among us who would do well to imitate cats in their cleanly ways. How often have we observed children carelessly splashing their nicely brushed boots by walking through mire over muddy roads, when they might have used a well-swept crossing but a few yards distant ! No cat would willingly soil its feet in such fashion. These are the young people who put their friends to the blush by coming in hastily to meals, with hair only half brushed and hands unwashed. Such might with advantage learn a lesson in tidiness from the clean, sleek cat.

Cats are among the most grateful of dumb crea-

tures. The slightest attention shown them, in the way of a kindly stroke of their soft fur, is quite sufficient to set them purring with joyful gratitude. We have known cats that were suffering intense pain stay their piteous cries, when we rubbed their heads, to sing us a thankful song. Few sick human beings are able thus to forget their sufferings when they feel the touch of a friend's hand or hear the sound of a sympathizing voice. Many endure a serious illness with great patience, but few are able to show themselves so superior to pain that they can sing while they suffer.

But we cannot discourse upon all the fine qualities of the domestic cat in a single introductory chapter. Abundant opportunity will be found in this volume to illustrate at length her many excellent traits of character by numerous original anecdotes, which we trust will amuse and interest our readers.

It is devoutly to be hoped that, through the perusal of these pages, many English boys and girls will get a fuller insight into the beauty of "the law of kindness," and feel a stronger desire to obey its



dictates in their dealings with the lower animals. Then we should never again see, when visiting a friend, poor pussy suddenly spring from the chair where she was comfortably dozing, and dart, with a scared look, out of the room, because Robert and William returned from school and she heard their voices in the hall ; we should no more be pained by observing an affectionate spaniel glance furtively round at the same moment, and slink, like a guilty thing, under the table, with its tail between its legs : because, if young people are kind and considerate, dumb creatures will be grateful and loving. The dog will rush down the path to meet them, with wagging tail and bark of welcome ; and the cat will greet them at the door, with tail erect, and rub with arched back against their legs, purring for joy.

The kindly spirit in a house  
Is like the sunshine bright,  
That streams into the dullest nooks  
And turns the gloom to light.

The children of that home are blest  
Where this sweet spirit dwells ;  
It makes their quarrels quickly up,  
And angry passion quells.

---

Its warmth is felt through frosty panes,  
When winter winds blow chill ;  
And thus it draws the little birds  
To feed on window-sill.

The wakeful dog, well washed and fed,  
Its kindly influence feels  
In saucer filled with water clear,  
And unforgotten meals.

The cat, by tender stroke of hand,  
Its gentle presence knows ;  
Responding with low waves of sound,  
In song that ebbs and flows.

And all things in that happy home  
Rejoice in loving care,  
Nor cruel treatment dread, because  
Of kindly spirit there.

## THE WILD CAT.

---

His claws were all unsheathed ; his eyes  
Were fierce with fiery glare :  
We did not fear, but still we felt  
We'd rather not be there.

---

THE Wild Cat has been very fitly styled the "British Tiger," for never was there a fiercer or more rapacious animal. Living in lonely, mountainous regions, or in well-wooded localities, it is ever on the watch as evening draws in to make havoc among the hares and rabbits that emerge from their holes to sport and feed in the soft twilight. Nor is this ferocious creature content to commit depredations among these animals only. Far and wide it prowls in the darkness, to plunder the fold and rob the hen-house without mercy.

Its ravenous appetite prompts it to use its destructive powers to the utmost, so that it becomes a positive scourge to the districts it inhabits. The

wild cat is happily becoming rare in England; but it is by no means scarce among the Scotch and Irish mountains, and may frequently be met with in the isle of Skye. If any of you, my readers, should ever take a tour through either of these lonely regions, and in your travels startle one of these aggressive animals in her rocky or forest home, pray call to mind the wise old proverb, "Discretion is the better part of valour," for the brindled, yellow-gray creature before you may prove more than your match if you needlessly provoke her. If she happen to have young ones round her, you might be as well justified in believing that you could put your hand in a hornet's nest without being stung, as that you can approach her one step nearer without placing yourself in danger of punishment for your temerity. Savage as is the wild cat's nature, she is a most tender and devoted mother; and he must be a fool-hardy individual who would presume to meddle with her when surrounded by her beloved family.

We have read of a traveller who stepped unconsciously almost upon one of these fierce creatures as he strolled on a fishing expedition through a

rocky region in the north of Scotland. Stumbling over some uneven ground in his way, he suddenly almost fell upon a wild cat concealed among the dry heather. The wrathful animal sprung instantly out of reach on to a jutting ledge of rock before him, where it stood facing him, glaring at him with wide-open fiery eyes, and appearing to the traveller to have swelled to twice its usual size, because of its bristling hair, which stood on end all over its body. Three Skye terriers, travelling companions of the gentleman, fruitlessly endeavoured to reach and dislodge the savage creature, which met their vain efforts with loud spitting and growls and furious lashing of its thick tail. Meanwhile the traveller, laying down his fishing-rod, and cutting a thick stick, now came forward to the attack. But the ferocious beast was aware of his intent, and, when he was within six or seven feet of her, sprung over the dogs straight at his face, which must have received fearful wounds had he not struck her down as she came flying through the air. The poor animal fell among the dogs, with whom she fought desperately for dear life; but their master, coming to their

assistance, despatched her, after one of the bravest of defences ever made by dumb creature.

For our own part, we cannot help thinking the traveller would have displayed greater wisdom and more kindness of disposition had he quietly proceeded on his way, leaving the unfortunate cat unmolested. He might have paid the penalty of death for his daring, and plunged his relatives in sorrow, through indulging in what he probably termed "sport." Many a man—ah! and many a lad also—has come suddenly to a lamentable and untimely end by going out of his way to meet a danger Providence never called on him to encounter. Let us guard against confounding true courage with what is rightly named "foolhardiness." The first enables us to stand cool and collected, fronting the peril we cannot avoid, or which duty to God and man requires us to face; but the second is merely rash and reckless presumption, which seldom benefits anybody, and often cuts short what would have been a useful life. Let us never run a risk without having an end in view worth attaining, for which somebody will be the better.

We lately saw a handsome rug at the house of a friend, which we were assured was composed of the tails of five hundred wild cats! Now, it might be that the traveller of whom we have been speaking was anxious to destroy the fierce animal he disturbed so suddenly for the sake of obtaining her tail; but we are sure our readers will agree with us, that no ringed tail of a wild cat could be handsome or valuable enough to justify a man in running the risk of getting severely wounded, or perhaps blinded for life, to gain it.

We have read of men scaling dangerous mountains, and ascending the icy "solitudes" of "tremendous peaks," merely that they might be able to boast of having stood where no human foot had ever trod before. And we have thought their ambition very low although they went so high, because all their toil and endurance secured no benefit for any living creature. How much higher and nobler is that man's ambition who descends into the depths of poverty and woe that he may comfort the suffering and succour the distressed! Surely in the sight of Heaven he

reaches an elevation to which no mere Alpine climber ever yet attained.

But to return to wild cats. We have read a sad story of a Scotch boy, the son of a shepherd in the Highlands, losing his life in an encounter with one of these creatures. This child, while romping with his brothers one day in the woods, suddenly started a wild cat from among some brushwood, to which the boys instantly gave chase. The incensed animal rushed up a tree, and the little fellow in question, nothing daunted by her savage appearance, at once took off his jacket and climbed after her to dislodge her. Terrible to relate, the angry creature flew to meet him, and fastened upon his throat! There was scarcely a cry from the poor victim; but the horrified children below, who were awaiting the cat's descent with stones in their hands to despatch her, heard her fierce growls, and saw drops of blood fall pattering on the ground! Screaming, they ran home for assistance, and soon their father, in company with other men and dogs, was at the foot of the tree. Drawing his knife, one of the men immediately commenced climbing



quickly. And now the cat, leaving the boy, attempted to seize her new opponent, but was severely wounded in the endeavour; and after a brief, sharp struggle, the ferocious brute was dashed to the ground among the dogs, which speedily made an end of her.

But, alas! from the branches overhead, across some of which the poor little boy was lying on his back, with head and hands hanging helplessly down, there came neither voice nor sign. He would never be the leader of his brothers' sports and fun any more; he was quite dead! There must have been deep gloom and heavy grief in the Highland shepherd's home that night where lay the lifeless body of the brave boy, who, in all the joy of healthy, thoughtless childhood, had met so fearful an end. How bitter must have been the sorrow of his parents in remembering that, had their dear child not sought the peril he might have avoided, he would now perhaps be slumbering peacefully in his little bed, instead of lying in the cold sleep of death! But now, alas! all was over, and he would never move again until the morning of the resurrection.

The wild cat differs in some respects from our

domestic favourite. It has a shorter and more bushy tail, its limbs are stronger, and its head is larger, and has a flattened appearance. As for its voice, we have been assured it is quite indescribable, something between loud screaming and growling, and that nobody who has once listened to its frightful yells ever desires to hear them again. We do not say that the cats of our hearths have very sweet voices when they use them to our discomfort on the housetops at night; but we believe them to be musical when compared with those of their wild cousins. It is impossible to say whether our common domestic cats have descended from the wild species or not. Naturalists differ so widely on this question that it is not for us to decide it. Instances are on record of fireside pets forsaking comfortable homes to associate with these uncivilized members of the community in their native woods and mountains. As a matter of course, "evil communications" corrupted "good manners;" and the tame, well-behaved cats, that were patterns of propriety before they deserted their owners, either returned to them, after an absence of some months, half wild

and extremely ill-mannered, or stayed away altogether, living in the woods and among the rocks, and becoming in time almost as fierce as the ferocious animals with whom they associated.

Ah, how plainly this teaches us that if we choose bad companions, we need not hope so much to make them better as to fear that they will make us worse! We have seen, with deep regret, well-behaved boys, who were attentive to their sisters, kind to their little brothers, and respectful and obedient to their parents, before they left home for school, return for the holidays not nearly so affectionate, dutiful, and gentlemanly mannered as they were before. And when we have inquired into the cause of this sad change, we have discovered that these boys, instead of choosing the quiet and well-conducted among their school-fellows to be their friends, preferred the society of those who were rough, careless, and noisy, and so became like them rude and thoughtless in consequence. Evil is learned so soon and easily, that if a good boy becomes foolish enough to select a bad one for his companion, there is no saying how quickly he

---

will be like him. Therefore when we are tempted to cast in our lot with the idle and vicious, let us remember what gentle and well-behaved cats become when they wander from home to seek wild society, and let us profit by the lesson they teach us—namely, that evil companionship is always dangerous, and often fatal to our happiness in life.

## YOUNG WILLIAM BURNS.

---

YOUNG William Burns, when eight  
years old,

Was loved by all around ;  
No kinder friend of creatures dumb  
'Mong children could be found !

When in his garden-plot he worked,  
The robin tame would fly  
Close to his little spade, to search  
For worms, with brilliant eye.

And when within the house he read,  
Puss on his shoulder sprang,  
And in his ear a melody  
Of sweet contentment sang.

Well pleased his parents were to mark  
His kind, attentive ways ;

---

And sisters of their brother spoke  
In terms of highest praise.

'Twas hard for all to say good-bye  
When school-days first begun ;  
The mother scarce restrained her tears  
At parting with her son.

But soon the holidays came round,  
And at the open door  
The household stood to welcome home  
Young William Burns once more.

His parents kindly gave him leave  
To bring from school a friend—  
Whose home was on a distant shore—  
A happy month to spend.

But soon, alas ! they plainly saw  
This chosen friend was one  
They never could regard as fit  
Companion for their son.

He set the dog upon the cat,  
And laughed because they fought ;  
Then in the pond poor puss he threw,  
And called it famous sport.

And worse than all, young William Burns  
Enjoyed the so-called fun !  
Such harm to kindly-hearted child  
Had bad companion done.

No more on elder sisters now,  
As once, he loved to wait ;  
He seldom ran to open wide  
For them the garden gate.

His mother marked the change with grief ;  
And truly pleased was she  
One morning, when a telegram  
Arrived from o'er the sea,—

Which summoned home, without delay,  
That rude and cruel child,

---

Who from the path of thoughtful love  
Her William had beguiled.

“For now,” she thought, “my boy, I trust,  
Will kindly grow once more;  
And puss will on his shoulder sit  
And sing as heretofore!”



## CATS WE HAVE KNOWN.

---

Yes! truly we remember all—  
The tabbies, white and gray—  
Who lived with us and loved us well  
Before they passed away.

---

CATS we have known—their name is legion! Events that seemed almost forgotten come crowding upon our memories as we look back and see the old favourites passing before our mind's eye in "long procession." Again, after a whole twelve-month's absence, we welcome home Snow, the great white cat, with large green eyes in his small head. How or why he left us we never knew—whether he strayed away or was stolen we never discovered; but when we children found we had really lost him, we said to one another, "If Snow should not find his way back till he was quite old, we should recognize him by his tail"—for our cat's poor tail had once been carelessly shut in a door and broken, and it

turned awkwardly to one side ever afterwards. And one evening, after a year's absence, Snow came home again, looking very lean and ill, but still the same dear, good-tempered cat he was before he left us. The front door being opened to allow a visitor to go out, Snow suddenly sprang in, and rushed upstairs as fast as his long legs would take him. Springing on one of our little beds, he commenced kneading the soft covering in his own old fashion, purring loudly. Oh, what excitement there was in the house, what crowding of the children round the little bed, what hugging of the cat, what hurrying down and up stairs again with saucers of milk and meat, what joyous chattering and feeling of Snow's once broken tail! The poor thing appeared at times almost in danger of suffocation through affection, as he was carried from one little bed to another and another, that each of the children might in turn enjoy the cat's company. Our eldest sister Mary was Snow's rightful owner, and we well remember writing a poem (which we considered at the time a charming production), purporting to be addressed by this sister to her great white cat; but our readers

will have lost very little by our failing to recall any but the opening lines, which were as follows :—

“Fair king of thy tribe! both the brightest and best  
Of the jewels that Mary can boast,  
Oh say, canst thou tell, as thou sitt’st by my side  
Who is it that loves thee the most?”

Snow’s behaviour after his return was not altogether as exemplary as we could have wished. He appeared to have contracted habits of pilfering during his absence from home, and therefore, though he retained our affection, he lost in some measure our respect. There was a shady nook at one end of our garden containing an arbour of trellis-work, over which the branches of a yew-tree and a laburnum were laced in strange contrast, and so trained that drooping bunches of blossom made quite a golden fringe above our heads in spring-time; and there, before a rustic bench, stood an old oak table, on which was placed a huge basin, in which a number of gold and silver fish lived in a thriving condition. We took great delight in watching the graceful movements of these beautiful little creatures, and felt much annoyed when occasionally one disap-

peared in what seemed to us an unaccountable manner. But as the number of our pets grew daily less, we commenced a strict watch to discover, if possible, the thief. We did not lie in wait long nor in vain. One morning we detected Snow in the act of cleverly hooking a fish out of the water with one of his long paws, which he suddenly dropped on observing us. He was thoroughly conscious of his guilt, and made a violent effort to escape its consequence; but he was soon captured and properly corrected. We do not remember that he feasted on goldfish again.

About this period in Snow's history we had a very tame common brown mouse, which we kept out of the reach of cats by hanging the round wooden tray on which it lived from the ceiling of a low attic. Snow frequently looked up and longed for the mouse, but found no means of getting it into his clutches. One day we met the cat in the garden, wagging his awkward tail, and growling over a mouse which he held in his mouth. Fearing it might possibly be our own tame pet, we instantly seized puss, and, opening his jaws, rescued the

trembling prey. Going upstairs, we found the tray without an occupant, and soon ascertained that one of our brothers had mounted a chair in our absence, and taken down the mouse to give it a run, and lost it. Alas! it did not long survive the injuries it received. But we did not chastise Snow this time, as in catching it he had only obeyed one of the strongest instincts of his nature.

Snow lived with us many years, and died deeply lamented; and the more so, because we had good reason for supposing his end was hastened by poison, but by whom administered we never knew. Nine cats, one after another, perished miserably in the same sad way; but all our efforts to discover where they found the poison were unavailing.

A small cat, also white, lived in our house, and was much petted by a sister named Rebecca. This little creature would daily climb to her shoulder when she took her needlework, and, curling herself half round Rebecca's neck, close her eyes and purr aloud, as if supremely happy. The eyes were odd, one blue and the other green; and, as is usually the case when this difference of colour occurs, the cat

was "stone-deaf." When she was apparently sound asleep, one of us would occasionally shake a large bunch of keys near her, without causing her to open her eyes, thus reminding us of the words of the poet:—

"I will be deafer than the blue-eyed cat."

When puss was not on Rebecca's shoulder, she usually occupied a round mat, with a thick, raised, crimson border, inside which she nestled in comfortable fashion. This was placed on the table close to her mistress; and when this table was required to be cleared for tea, Tweedle was not rudely disturbed, but removed gently, mat and all, to sideboard or chair.

Our mother was very fond of dumb animals; but as her children were numerous, and each was permitted to have his or her own pets, she did not approve of all their favourites remaining in the house at night, especially as there was a hay-loft over the stables, to which they might at all times obtain access for soft bed and warm shelter. But Rebecca, who was in other respects a good, obedient girl, sometimes disobeyed the direction to put her

beloved Tweedle outside the garden door on a cold winter's night; and instead of doing this, stealthily carried her upstairs to her bed-room. Hearing on one occasion our mother coming along the passage to bid her good-night, she hastily opened a drawer and pushed Tweedle inside it, almost closing it upon her. But the little cat, failing to comprehend the motive for so unusual a proceeding, commenced mewling piteously, and by so doing brought a sharp reproof upon Rebecca and immediate expulsion from the house upon herself.

A sister named Mary shared the same room and bed with Rebecca. The former rejoiced in being the fortunate owner of a small liver-and-white, silky-haired, intelligent spaniel called Martin. This dog was as great a pet with Mary as the cat was with Rebecca; but the two animals disliked each other extremely, and noisy and frequent were the scuffles between them when they found themselves, as they often did, in close proximity. As far as we remember, the dog was not turned out with the cats, but was permitted to sleep in the kitchen. But if our mother supposed he was always there at night,

we grieve to tell that her supposition was frequently incorrect; for he too, to his great satisfaction, was occasionally smuggled upstairs to bed. One night the two sisters were sleeping quietly with their backs to each other—Mary with Martin in her arms, and Rebecca with Tweedle in hers, when happening both to turn over at the same moment, bringing their pets with them, they insensibly pushed the two enemies one against the other. Words fail me altogether to describe the scrimmage that ensued! Each seemed to be under the impression that the other had wilfully insulted it, and fiercely resented conduct so unjustifiable. The cat yelled and fought, wagging a tail that suddenly became almost as thick as her body, while the dog snapped and barked, and yelped and howled, as a rapid succession of fierce clawings descended on his unoffending head, after the usual mode of cat warfare. The startled sisters sprang alarmed out of bed to escape being wounded in the fray, hoping devoutly, almost against hope, that their mother would sleep through the disturbance. But we believe our recollection is not serving us falsely when we say that her wakeful



ear caught the unmusical sound of the cat's earliest yells, and that she speedily appeared on the scene, candle in hand, with looks and tones of reproof as severe as well-deserved. We may safely say Martin never slept upstairs again; but Tweedle enjoyed this privilege at least once more, and was ever afterwards excluded from Rebecca's room at night, on the supposition that she was occasionally subject to fits of temporary insanity.

The two sisters slept in what was called a tent bedstead, now happily altogether a thing of the past, the more airy and less-curtained bedstead having superseded it; and a large old-fashioned mirror hung on the wall just opposite the bottom of the bed, occupying the space between ceiling and dressing-table.

One morning early, just as it grew light enough to see objects in the room distinctly, they were awakened by a low growling above them, and looking up, were surprised to see Tweedle's head hanging over just where the curtains met at the bottom of the bed. Her usually mild, odd eyes seemed to have a strange glare in them, and the sisters could

see in the mirror that her tail was wagging violently. Presently she rushed wildly about the framework of the canopy above them, and again her head appeared; and not only her head, but one of her fore legs also, which made threatening gestures at the occupants of the bed. How these had offended her they never ascertained; but Rebecca assured us in the morning that they had had a "fearful time of it," and that the cat varied her performances of tearing about the top of the bedstead and reappearing to give them imaginary blows in quick succession, by making grimaces at herself in the mirror. We were anxious that Rebecca should reproduce these grimaces if possible by imitation, that we might understand more clearly of what Tweedle was capable; but she was utterly incompetent to do so. It is not to be wondered at that after such an exhibition of symptoms of mental aberration this cat had to take her night's lodging in the hay-loft for the future.

We shall have a little more to say of Tweedle further on, but must for the present bid her farewell. We imagine her death must have occurred during our temporary absence from home, for we

have no recollection of the circumstances attending it. We are certain she was much lamented, not only because of her estimable qualities, but also for the loss of her long and loving companionship. Her memory is treasured by all the members of the family, once children, now grown men and women, among whom she lived so many years, and specially because the dear young mistress she loved so well, and who loved her in return, left long ago the old home circle for a brighter home above, and a circle that is never broken by death.

In looking back and recalling the beautiful character of Rebecca, who was the meekest and kindest girl we have ever known, we can say truly that the only acts of disobedience to parents she ever committed were prompted by her affection for Tweedle.

## T W E E D L E.

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P O O R little cat ! no stone doth tell  
Where thou art lowly laid ;  
But in our hearts, while life remains,  
Thy memory shall not fade.

For curled about our sister's neck  
We seem to see thee yet ;  
Or sleeping sound on crimson mat,  
A cherished household pet.

And tender thoughts with thee will come  
Of one departed long,  
Who waked so oft with loving stroke  
Thy loud contented song.

Her place on earth is empty now,  
She dwells in light above ;  
Beyond the reach of death she lives  
A life of perfect love.

## CATS WE HAVE KNOWN.

(CONTINUED.)

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So plain she was, we failed to trace  
One line of beauty in her face ;  
Her gifts were of the higher kind—  
A temper sweet, a tranquil mind.

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YOU might have travelled many a weary mile on many a long day before you would have met with a more disagreeable-looking, less attractive cat than the gentle favourite whose brief history we are about to relate.

Looking out of our schoolroom window one morning, we observed a miserably lean, tabby-and-white, distressed cat on the garden wall, mewing piteously. Its tail was thin and short, its coat in bad condition, and there was a troubled expression in its green eyes which appealed strongly to our sense of pity. As lessons had not commenced, we

went out into the garden at once, and spoke to the creature soothingly. We were answered by a prolonged mew, and the speedy descent of the cat from the wall. We were fortunate in having a cook who highly appreciated feline companionship, and, in fact, preferred it to human society, and therefore we were happily certain of obtaining food and shelter for the forlorn animal, if we carried it to the kitchen. This cook was a woman of few words, but of compassionate disposition, whose eyes were always ready to weep pitiful tears over the sorrows of dumb animals generally, but over cats' sorrows particularly. She stood for some seconds inspecting the new-comer intently and silently, and then visited the larder on its behalf; and after a sumptuous repast, the cat composed itself for sleep before the kitchen fire.

Next morning the cat disappeared, but only to return later in the day. And this she did so frequently that, from the constant exclamation of the children, "Here she comes! here she is again!" she received at length the very peculiar appellation "She."

At last she took up her abode with us permanently, and was never known to spit, or scratch, or

growl, however provoked to do so. The pigeons in the yard were quite unmolested by her ; and as for the kittens belonging to one of the cats of the house, she allowed them to romp about her and tease her without once ruffling her sweet temper. We do not think she was often permitted to visit the parlour,—we suppose on account of her very low and unprepossessing appearance ; but she was most kindly cared for in the kitchen, and joyfully received in the nursery as a welcome guest. The little ones there might hug and caress her, drag her about, make beds on the floor for her to occupy, tie a small night-cap on her head, and almost suffocate her in the covering up, with never a fear of scratch or bite. For “She” had the most delightful of tempers, and the only sign of disapprobation she ever gave of such treatment was a faint, involuntary mew, and that was only heard when the laughter was loud and the fun grew too fierce to be silently borne.

Alas ! our amiable pet remained with us but for a brief period. The fatal poison which robbed us of so many favourites, and which by united effort we failed to discover, was tasted also by our poor cat to

her life's cost. The means that were used to save her were of no avail ; and the little ones were compelled to part with their much-enduring playmate, whom the elder children lamented as a friend. Very sad we felt at "She's" untimely end. We had nursed her tenderly in her sickness, and now that she was dead we could do nothing else than bury her. Yes, we could ; we might erect a monument to her memory.

Our house was built upon gravelly soil, but we had discovered a vein of clay in the orchard ditch that was dry in summer ; and after a short consultation with each other, we resolved to go thither and dig material for our cat's monument. When we had obtained sufficient, we sat down to deliberate on the figure which would be most appropriate for the purpose, and unanimously arrived at the conclusion that a life-sized cat in weeping attitude would strike the eye of the passer-by as touching and effective. Our labour produced so satisfactory a result that we thenceforth regarded ourselves as adepts in the plastic art.

Next morning all the members of the house-



hold (our parents excepted) were invited to the funeral ; and after "She" had been decently laid in her grave, which was surrounded by quite a crowd of real and grief-dissembling mourners, that triumph of art, the cat's monument, was placed at its head. Then grief and its semblance gave place to a burst of hearty laughter. Who could repress it that looked upon that clayey representation of feline sorrow ? The right fore leg was gracefully lifted to nose level, and the well-moulded foot held a small pocket-handkerchief of spotless white, to receive the tears which a powerful imagination might perceive falling like rain. The whiskers were thick and handsome, composed of the stems of small feathers from which the down had been carefully removed ; and the eyes, though peculiar, were large, if not expressive. Recollection does not furnish us with the name of the green material from which they were formed ; but possibly glass marbles filled the "vacuums" which "Nature abhors."

Poor "She" and her monument have both gone to dust long years ago ; but her invariable good temper is remembered still. Unattractive as her



A CAT WE KNEW.



appearance was, she was as truly loved and valued as the beautiful cats that were her companions, for her sweet disposition.

Do any of our young readers think sadly at times, "We shall never be much cared for in the world, because God has not made us attractive-looking as some people are. Plain as we are, none will wish our companionship nor seek our friendship"? Oh, what a mistake those make who reason thus! Beauty does not make us worthy of love; and only the foolish and little-minded court the beautiful just for their beauty's sake. The wise and discerning look below the surface, and admire the good qualities of higher value which plain people often possess. We need not be handsome or beautiful to be loved. Unattractive our persons may be; but if we imitate the Saviour's example of meekness and unselfishness in our dealings with others, and are considerate and courteous in our behaviour, all who come within the circle of our acquaintance will be charmed with our moral beauty, and the good among them will seek our friendship. We have known plain persons

received into hearts and homes with more kindly welcome than ever the merely beautiful in person experienced. And one day we may be very thankful that we were just ordinary looking young people; for beauty is frequently a great snare, and those who possess it need much of the grace of God to prevent them from becoming vain and selfish. The cat we have been speaking of had only a sweet temper to recommend her to our regard, but this was quite sufficient to render her in life beloved and in death lamented.

In accordance with our usual custom, a long epitaph was composed in memory of our favourite; and in that youthful period of our existence we must be forgiven for imagining we were writing true poetry instead of doggerel verse. Of this epitaph we can remember the following lines only:—

“And art thou silent in the ground,  
Poor, faithful, favoured ‘She’?  
Fain would we raze this grassy mound  
To catch one glimpse of thee.

“Oh, traveller who may wander here,  
One little moment stay,  
And o’er the green grass drop a tear,  
Ere you pursue your way.”

We recollect also feeling somewhat chagrined when a visitor, upon reading the epitaph, hinted that the fulfilment of the wish to "raze the grassy mound" might not be altogether pleasant and desirable.

"Cranium" was a large-headed tabby, with an unmistakable expression of ferocity in his fine face. He was greatly admired for his beautiful even black markings, but unfortunately little loved, save by his owner, because of his unfriendly disposition.

Among the patients whom our father attended professionally was a lady who manifested an extraordinary affection for cats, and it was from her we gratefully accepted the pretty kitten we called Cranium. This lady lived in a beautiful residence on the shore of a village named Shoebury, long before the advent of the great guns to that charming locality scared away the nightingales which sang in their season in the trees around her dwelling. The velvet lawn in front of the house sloped down to a gorse-covered common, where the white tails of countless wild rabbits were often visible as they frisked in the fading light. The lady's large tabbies made sad

havoc among these lively little creatures, and yet the rabbits never appeared to diminish in number.

These cats were semi-wild in their habits, never permitting themselves to be nursed, and objecting strongly to much caressing. The lady never suffered one of their kittens to be destroyed ; but as they were always extremely large and handsome, and certain to become good mousers, they were so much in request that she usually obtained homes for them without difficulty.

We were always pleased when our father desired us to accompany him to Shoebury, not only on account of the pleasant drive along the shore at low tide, but because of the agreeable prospect of cultivating the acquaintance of the lady's cats more intimately. Our first introduction to Cranium took place during one of our visits to this cats' paradise. We found the lady on that occasion lying on her sofa, with a large, well-lined basket on the floor beside her, in which lay a magnificent tabby surrounded by five kittens, which all bore a marvellous resemblance to their mother. Presently the big cat left the basket, and was immediately followed by her

beautiful family ; and it was impossible to behold a prettier sight than we saw on this occasion. Mother and children at once engaged in graceful play, tumbling over one another, rolling and kicking, springing over footstools, running a little way up curtains and hanging there for a few seconds, then racing round the room and frisking about in the wildest manner imaginable. We did not wonder that their games were a continual source of pleasure to the invalid, who watched the kittens with delight ; and she was not surprised that so amusing an exhibition should cause us to indulge in hearty laughter.

Cranium was a member of this lively family, and a few weeks later we experienced the joy of welcoming him to our own home. Like all his progenitors he disapproved of fondling and nursing. If taken up into the lap, he would avail himself of the first opportunity to spring out of it ; nevertheless he had sterling qualities, for which we valued him highly, and we were as proud of his cleverness as of his handsome appearance. We soon taught him to jump over our hands, by kneeling down and placing them together before him ; and in time we succeeded



in inducing him to take a leap through a hoop held in both hands some little height in front of him, and at last he would spring splendidly through this hoop when held in one hand only, stretched out at arm's length above our head. He never thoroughly enjoyed going through this performance, and sometimes wagged his tail angrily when directed to leap, always endeavouring to get out of the room as quickly as possible after he had done so, as though he dreaded an "encore."

Cranium perished in his prime, adding his name unhappily to the long list of household pets that fell victims to the poisoner's art. He breathed his last on our own bed one Sunday morning. We managed to get excused from going to church, and sat by him till all was over ; and on Monday afternoon following, during our mother's absence from home taking a drive, we secured the valuable services of a butcher in the village to remove our cat's handsome skin before we consigned him to the grave. We were anxious to get it stuffed, and therefore requested the man to turn it inside out, the better to dry it, and fill it with chopped hay. This he did to our satis-

faction, and transferred the contents of our slender purse to his own. We then bore our not very agreeable burden by a string attached to the neck, to a winding walk in our garden called the shrubbery, and hung it up on a branch of a tall horse-chestnut tree to dry. This proceeding brought upon us a severe reprimand later in the day; for our mother (who was by no means a nervous woman), happening to pass the tree in the evening light, was for the moment startled to behold what she imagined to be an infant suspended by the neck!

The stuffing of the cat proved a failure, on account of our inability to procure eyes of a suitable size and character. We wrote to a friend, then Curator of the Zoological Gardens, to assist us in our need; but, to our dismay, he treated our request as a joke, and responded to it by asking if he should forward us *tiger's* eyes. We then resolved to form a muff for our personal use out of the splendid skin. This we succeeded in doing, and actually felt its comfort one Sunday evening as we walked along the dark avenue of elms to church. But happening to look up when there, we caught sight of a single

lady leaning over the gallery behind us, laughing as she observed our tabby muff. We were just vexed enough to feel that after all it was of too unusual a kind to wear with comfort, and the next day we transformed it into a tippet, which we presented to a poor girl in the village. The only inconvenience she suffered from wearing it was that of hearing an occasional call of "Puss, puss" behind her. We omitted saying that Cranium was buried, and that a tall ivy-planted log was placed at the head of the grave. On this log were inscribed the words, "Alas, poor Yorick!" We believe that at the first symptom of illness the cat manifested, the name of Yorick was added to that of Cranium, in order that if death ensued his epitaph might be of a striking character.

The invalid lady who was the owner of the cats' paradise has passed from earth long ago. There is nothing but change, perpetual change, going on in the world, as you, my dear young reader, will experience as surely as you grow older. There is nothing really stable below. What we call our own to-day may become another person's to-morrow, and

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that which we most set our hearts upon we frequently lose the soonest. Ah, they alone are truly wise who "set their affection on things above," and pass through life as pilgrims, seeking a better home in an "abiding city."

## THE CATS' PARADISE.

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THE scene is changed where roamed  
Large tabbies wild and free, [at will  
And only, as of old, the same  
Remains the changeless sea.

Fine specimens of cats were they,  
With handsome, black-ringed tails;  
They supped off rabbits every night,  
But spared the nightingales.

The quiet of the place is gone,  
The solitude and song;  
And cannons' roar reverberates  
The pebbly beach along.

Alas! too well those echoes tell  
That war not yet doth cease;  
But birds again will sweetly sing  
When comes the Prince of Peace.

## CATS WE HAVE KNOWN.

(CONTINUED.)

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O friend ! 'twas hard to say farewell,  
To see thee leave the door,  
And feel that thou wouldst never cross  
The well-known threshold more !

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**S**PRING was the brother of Tweedle, and also had a white coat ; but he differed greatly from his sister in many respects, and was altogether unlike her in habits and disposition. She was quite deaf ; he had the sharpest ears for hearing that cat ever possessed. Her eyes were odd ; his were both alike—of a bright green colour. She was fond of being nursed and petted ; he disliked nothing more. She always purred when you stroked her ; he often growled when you did so. He preferred the garden to the house ; she the house to the garden. She would hide anywhere,

that she might not be compelled to sleep in the hay-loft at night; he preferred sleeping on a truss of hay to reposing on a curtained bed. Yet though Spring disapproved of coaxing, he was by no means a cat without affection. Whenever you took a walk in the garden, he was sure to spring out from under some shrub that you passed, bound along the path before you, or rush up the trunks of trees that were near you in a playful manner, as if to attract your attention.

We frequently caught him and carried him indoors against his will, but we do not remember that we ever prevailed on him to compose himself to sleep on a chair, except on one occasion. We had rather a long dining-room, and six chairs stood in a row against the wall opposite the fireplace. On one of these we coaxed Spring, with much difficulty, to sit for a time; and our sisters following our example with their cats, there was presently a row of animals also, each chair having a cat for its occupant. An old friend happening to call just as we had succeeded in getting them all to lie quietly, was invited into the dining-room to see the cat show. She held up her

hands in mute astonishment, and then gave way to uncontrollable laughter. Many, many years after, when we were grown up and married, we met her, then an aged lady, and heard her exclaim, smiling, "My dear, I shall never forget that row of cats in your dining-room!"

It was a melancholy morning when our mother gravely informed us that our cats had become too numerous by far, and that, as we had pets besides of varied kinds, one of them must have a home found for it elsewhere at once. And what made this decree most grievous was that Spring, our own dear favourite, was the cat fixed upon to leave the old paternal dwelling. A new home was soon found for him at a farm some miles distant, and as we were seated at dinner one day, a conveyance drove up to bear the poor animal away. Our eyes streamed with tears as we heard him mewing in the bag in which he was placed, that he might not see the road by which he was to journey to the farm, and so speedily find his way home again; but the word had gone forth that he was to leave us, and our mother was inexorable.



For a long time we had a silent sorrow in our heart for the loss of our cat, which broke forth some months after we bade him farewell into loud expressions of anger, horror, and regret, when, upon inquiry as to his welfare, we were informed that he had been accidentally shot. And this was the unhappy ending of Spring's brief life!

Tinnevelly and Abbeokouta were both well-behaved cats. They received their strange names in remembrance of a visit from two missionaries, who left their native land to preach the gospel in those far-off places to poor people who had never heard of the Saviour's love.

Tinnevelly, like Cranium, had been brought from Shoebury in kittenhood, and manifested the same objection as he did to much stroking and petting. She might with truth have been called the cook's cat; for that kind woman loved her as a child, and so cared for her wants that Tinnevelly greatly preferred kitchen to parlour company, and might constantly be seen sitting on a chair by her friend's side.

The latter was always pleased when we visited the kitchen, as we sometimes did, to have a look at her favourite, which was little cared for by our sisters because of the disposition it showed to resent rather than court any attention on their part. And so by-and-by these sisters called it "a cross thing," and their occasional dealings with it assumed rather an unpleasant character. Tinnevelly had an insuperable objection to be touched on the side, and our sisters discovering this, felt now and then prompted by a mischievous desire to tease the poor cook by annoying her cat. The slightest touch of a finger upon this vulnerable part was sufficient to provoke Tinnevelly to utter an unearthly yell of indignation, and the cook would come rushing at the sound, from scullery or cellar, to protect her darling from further molestation.

We recollect having about this time a serious attack of illness, which confined us to our room for several weeks. One evening, as we were lying quietly in bed, we observed the cook descend the steps which led to our chamber, and seat herself on the lower one in silence. She contemplated us for

some minutes without speaking, and then uttered the following memorable words: "Miss 'Lizabeth, if you was to die there'll be no one to care for the cat. And if nobody cares for the cat but me, I shall be wholly miserable. And so, Miss 'Lizabeth, I think the poor cat had better be killed if you was to die, because there'll be nobody but me, you know, to care for the poor thing if you was to die." We felt compelled to ease the dejected woman's mind by giving a reluctant assent to her strange proposition, feeling, as we did so, less hopeful of our ultimate restoration to health, and mentally wondering whether, in the event of our own and the cat's death, the latter would not be most deeply lamented by the cook.

Abbeokouta was a black cat of average size and ability; but as we remember no incident in her history that is worth recording, we have consequently little to say of her. We think she may have been one of the guests who were compelled to be present at what we called a "cat feast," which we prepared in honour of a birthday in the family, and which terminated at its commencement in a

most disappointing manner. This cat feast was the subject of conversation for weeks before it took place. Our pennies were carefully saved, that all kinds of delicacies in which the feline race delight might be provided without stint on the auspicious occasion ; and as for the decorations of the spacious attic in which it was to be held, they occupied every leisure moment.

At that period it was customary for young girls to wear what were called neck-ribbons, and as there were nine sisters, we found small difficulty in procuring a large number of soiled and unsoiled ribbons, which we pinned each at one end to the low ceiling overhead. Pieces of lace, gauze, artificial flowers, evergreen branches, and festoons of birds' eggs, collected by our brothers, likewise suspended to the ceiling, aided the artistic effect greatly ; and the walls of the room were papered with pen and ink drawings, strange heraldic devices in coloured crayon, and portraits in pencil of friends and acquaintances, which we intended for faithful likenesses, but which were invariably mistaken by those who saw them for caricatures. Among these also

were to be read many original poetic effusions, chiefly extolling the merits of the dumb creatures we called our own. There was a bed in this attic, and at the opposite end of the room stood a large table, which we hung elaborately with white muslin for the festal day, and covered with a snowy cloth.

The morning before the birthday we arranged a row of boxes down one side of the room, in readiness for the reception of the cats that were to be our honoured guests, and it was deemed advisable to secure in these overnight any belonging to our neighbours that we might be fortunate enough to catch. These we ruled should be fed sparingly, that hunger might give them a better appetite for the feast that awaited them. We likewise determined that our own cats also should be *boxed* early on the birthday morning. We cannot at this distance of time recall all the circumstances of the catching and caging, but we have a very lively remembrance of a green-eyed, black animal, owned by a Mr. Marsh in our village, which was cleverly secured by our sister Martha, and placed growling and scratching in the receptacle provided for it. We have also a dim

recollection of a cat of remarkably fierce disposition which we captured, foolishly imagining that he would become tame with delight the moment we opened the box and allowed him to see the tempting viands before him.

The long-anticipated day dawned at last ! The table was spread with a collection of cakes, tarts, and sweetmeats—some of which had been given us at remote periods, and had been laid by in a box in the most self-denying manner, that the birthday feast might not be lacking in liberality. Our own cats had the lids of their boxes closed upon them ; and our sisters, Jane and Martha, placed in long line alternate saucers of milk, raw and cooked meat, upon the floor in front of them. It was resolved that at noon—at the stroke of twelve—the lids should be opened simultaneously, and that while we sat at the table eating our cakes and tarts, the cats should enjoy the bountiful repast provided for them on the floor.

The hour struck ! The lids were opened ; but what happened it is impossible to narrate. Cats seemed flying through the air in every direction,

scratching, growling, yelling, and bounding desperately against the window! Horrified, we sprang to open it, and threw also the closed door back on its hinges, and a few minutes afterwards we found ourselves looking into one another's faces with blank dismay; for, despite all our thought and preparation, there were the saucers all upset, and not one grateful cat remained behind to repay us for our trouble!

It had been our intention to make a bird-feast upon the next birthday in the family; but as the cat-feast had failed so miserably to fulfil our expectations, we concluded it would be better to make no festal preparation either for bird or beast in the future. And thus the day to which we had so long looked forward, believing it would surely bring us rare enjoyment, passed away, leaving us disappointed instead of happy. We had been learning a poem which commenced with the line, "Come, disappointment, come;" but when it really *did* come to us in earnest, we felt extremely discontented!

Ah! dear young friends, we did not then believe, what perhaps some of you may not yet understand, that our disappointments are frequently the greatest

blessings which God sends us. They have not a pleasant look, and therefore we dislike them. If a true friend wore an ugly mask, and we saw him bearing down upon us, we should exclaim, "What a very disagreeable-looking man that is; he means us no good!" and all the time his kind eyes are beaming under the mask, and his face smiling—smiling because he knows he is coming to do us a service.

Have you ever observed a young tree whose branches could scarcely be seen through, because they were so thick and leafy? The gardener will prune it severely if it has not borne fruit, and perhaps the next year its boughs will bend with the weight of a splendid crop! Disappointment is like the gardener's pruning-knife. It cuts away many useless hopes and joys that are of no real value, that we may bring forth the beautiful fruits of meekness and patience.



## DISAPPOINTMENT.

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**M**Y apple tree was green and young,  
But little fruit it bore ;  
Yet strong its branches were and free,  
And such a wealth of leaves on tree  
I never saw before.

With pruning-knife the gardener came  
And lopped its branches fair.  
I sighed ; but when next season brought  
Fine crop of rosy fruit, I thought  
He did *well* not to spare.

So disappointment lops our pride  
And joy, like pruning-knife.  
We weep to see them lowly laid ;  
Yet only *thus* can we be made  
To bring forth fruit that shall not fade,  
Meet for the endless life.

## CATS WE HAVE KNOWN.

(CONTINUED.)

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Some died when old, some perished young,  
And others strayed away :  
Their children's children fill their place,  
And dwell with us to-day.

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SINCE we resided in the suburbs of London, we have been somewhat unfortunate in losing our cats ; yet seldom have we lamented that our home had not even one of these interesting creatures to adorn it.

Vice was an intelligent tabby, with green eyes that had a peculiarly wild expression in them. Her name was really Vicissitude, given her on account of the trials she had undergone through change of residence before and after she came to us ; but as it was too long to be used generally, it was abbreviated to Vice. She was a cat of spirit, who never hesi-

tated to give you a vigorous pat with her paw if she felt your stroking was just a little too hard to be pleasant.

She lived with us in a square two miles distant from London, very happily, till the day arrived in which we were to remove yet two miles farther from the great city. Then Vice became restless and miserable in the extreme, staring at the great packages, rushing in a scared manner up and down the staircase, looking into rooms cleared of furniture as if horrified at the removal of old familiar objects, and astonished at the fearful turn our affairs had taken. Going from our dining-room into the hall, we were surprised to see one of the men who assisted in bringing down articles of furniture from the rooms above, standing, as if unable to move a step, at the bottom of the staircase, with a countenance expressive of great fear! Inquiring the reason for his terror, he pointed up the stairs; and looking upward, we beheld Vice on the first landing, in threatening attitude, looking her wildest at the stranger. He assured us he dared not ascend lest she should spring upon him; and we could not



VICISSITUDE'S RETURN.

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wonder at his fear when we observed her formidable appearance. Of course, she was removed and placed in a basket, the lid of which was well fastened down for the journey, which was taken in the afternoon, to our new home.

When we arrived there, we were very careful to shut Vice up till the men who moved our goods had left the house, fearing she might escape through the open doors and so get lost. As soon as all was quiet she was set at liberty; but she appeared extremely uncomfortable, walking about the rooms in a dissatisfied manner, jumping on chairs to look out of the windows, and examining every corner of every cupboard as if in expectation of discovering concealed enemies. Next day she was nowhere to be found, and we searched and inquired for her in vain. No one had seen her outside the old house; and as it was locked, we never imagined she could be inside it. As day after day passed away, and we neither saw our poor cat nor heard any tidings respecting her, we came at length to the melancholy conclusion that we had lost her altogether. How then were we astonished to hear one morning a

pitiful mewing at our front door from a distressed cat, which proved to be our own dear Vice! On opening it, she crawled in, a living skeleton, yet greeting our hearty welcome with arched back and purring delight. She ate ravenously the food which was immediately supplied her, and then lay down to sleep on the parlour rug. We could come to no other conclusion than that she had returned to the old house the day after we left it, getting over the wall at the back, and perhaps entering it through some window only partially closed, and had remained there in hope of the family's return, till she was at the point of starvation; for a resident in the square informed us long afterwards that one day in passing it she heard a distressed cat mewing loudly.

Wonderful was the instinct which led her back to the house where she had been conveyed in a closed basket, to rejoin the beloved circle! Vice soon became once more fat as she was happy, and shortly quite at home in her new residence. She now had the advantage of a larger garden than before, and a very extensive feline acquaintance; for its walls were seldom destitute of the ornament of

one neighbour's cat or other. As for our lawn, it was a regular feline fighting-ground. Vice delighted in sitting at some little distance from the combatants, watching the battle as it raged, with evident interest. Well had it been for her if she had been content to remain within the garden bounds ; but, alas ! an enterprising disposition now began to develop itself, and the fields in front of us, in one of which a large house stood, greatly attracted her. A number of beautiful fancy pigeons were kept by a member of the family that resided there ; and as occasionally some of these were missing, their owner determined to destroy the stray cats that roamed about the premises, and which he imagined to be the depredators. And so there came an unhappy day when Vice did not return as usual to her home at night, and upon inquiry we learned to our dismay that she had been discovered in the neighbourhood of the dove-cot, and shot. Poor puss ! unfortunately for her she lived in modern times. Had her lot been cast among the ancient Britons, in the barbaric age, when cats were as rare as they are now plentiful, her destroyer would not have escaped severe punishment for the



crime of taking her valuable life. If one of our half-savage ancestors was cruel or unfortunate enough to kill a cat belonging to the royal household, he was fined in a large amount of grain for his grave offence. Puss was suspended by its tail, with its nose just touching the ground, and its murderer was compelled to furnish sufficient grain to conceal the whole of his victim's body from view when poured down from above.

There were loud lamentations in the household over the untimely death of so intelligent an animal as Vice; but, alas! they availed nothing to restore her to her old happy life in the family circle, where she was long and deservedly missed. Her murderer became in time acquainted with her late owners, and was filled with remorse for his deed when he learned that the fine tabby he had destroyed was one of their most valued pets.

Civet was an extremely large, long-backed, small-headed, black and white cat, who craved admittance to our home when we resided in the square before mentioned. We adopted our lean

visitor out of compassion for his homeless condition. He came to us when our eldest girl Minnie was ill with fever, and knowing her fondness for dumb creatures, we carried him to her room, and placed him at the bottom of her bed while she slept. The cat appeared to sleep also, and at the simultaneous waking of puss and the little invalid, each manifested satisfaction at seeing the other. But we found him neither so interesting, clever, nor handsome as we could have desired.

Civet was a heavy, sleepy cat, who would usually lie down and close his dull eyes in whatever position or place the children disposed him. But he was all alive in a moment directly his jagged ears caught the delightful clatter of plates and dishes; for Civet had an almost insatiable appetite, the edge of which seemed often as keen after as before meals. He had an unpleasant habit of standing up on his tall hind legs, and with a long "arm" (as the children termed it) outstretched, with talons all exposed, he would incessantly claw and rap at elbow or shoulder to secure if possible his share of the repast. Frequently his disagreeable-looking head only would

be thrust in when the dining-room door was ajar, doubtless to take minute observations of the state of the cloth-laying, whether advanced or otherwise ; for Civet knew a great deal better than to be out of the way when eating or drinking was going on. When he first came to us, a child's high chair was regularly set for him at meals, a little farther from the table than those his young mistresses occupied. We had well-behaved cats, who sat patiently in a similar position, gratefully receiving an occasional morsel considerably bestowed upon them. But Civet was not one of these. His behaviour at table was so rude that he became at length positively unbearable ; and after his long arm had succeeded in clawing bread, forks, and spoons upon the floor, it was agreed that he should be unseated and excluded from the room at meal-times. But Civet's exclusion was frequently rendered impossible by his pertinacity in reappearing through back-door or open window almost immediately after he had been turned out at the front. Indeed, so persevering was he in his attempts to get in while we endeavoured to keep him out, that where we failed

he succeeded, and at length became thoroughly master of the situation. Thenceforth we found ourselves compelled to bear as best we could with his long arm and clawing; but we took good care that he never occupied a high chair at dinner again.

The children often amused themselves when lessons were over by attracting Civet to them by the cry of "meat," uttered in a shrill tone. In whatever place the cat might happen to be, whether in the garden, sleeping on the kitchen rug, or in the cook's bed-room at the top of the house, an answering yell was instantly heard, and the long-backed animal came bounding upstairs or downstairs for the cake or biscuit (very seldom literal meat) which the children held in their hands. It behoved them to be quick in throwing down the alluring bait immediately Civet appeared; for a succession of sharp raps of the long arm assailed them if this were not done at the moment.

This black and (should have been) white cat was by no means so particular as we could have wished him to be in the cleanliness of his coat and general tidy appearance. In fact, his tongue was

so seldom employed to keep his fur in neat and glossy condition, that his disreputable, ragamuffin look caused us at times to exclaim with the poet Cowper, "I cannot sit with Civet in the room." But in spite of this drawback the children were extremely fond of him, and sometimes rocked their dirty-looking pet to sleep in a curtained doll's cradle, with a night-cap on its head, holding the opinion that a live cat was a much more sensible toy than the irresponsible plaything for which the cradle was designed.

We would by no means recommend our young readers to follow the course which was adopted to make Civet's soiled coat look more respectable, if they happen to own cats somewhat careless as to their cleanly appearance. He was lying one afternoon stretched at full length on a rug before a blazing fire, when it occurred to a member of the household, who possessed a bottle of Judson's fast dyes, of a rose-pink colour, that the cat's dingy cheeks and patches of dirty white on his body might be improved by an application of the liquid to them. As Civet never licked his coat the dye

would certainly not poison him ; and though the direction on the bottle that "the goods should first be dipped in boiling water" could not well be complied with, there were good reasons for believing his fur would soon, by a careful use of the brush, assume a beautiful roseate hue. And so the liquid was applied to one cheek and side and fore and hind leg as the cat lay basking before the comfortable fire, which soon dried to a crimson-pink. Civet was then turned over, and the same operation was repeated on the other side, till the last streak of soiled white disappeared. Coming downstairs to breakfast next morning, we were amused to hear one of the servants exclaiming, "Oh, do look at Civet on the wall, he's just like a flower !"

Ever afterwards, when the cat's blooming face looked in at the parlour door to ascertain if plates and dishes were on the table, its appearance was greeted with a hearty burst of laughter ; for its very expression seemed changed, and was now comical in the extreme. Occasionally we were surprised to observe a crowd of people looking down through the area railings in front of our dwelling, and on inquir-

ing the cause of the gathering, we were informed that "the foreign cat," as Civet was now called in the square, was sitting on the kitchen window-sill.

Civet did not live many years after we adopted him; for he was a cat of mature age when we first carried him up to the sick child's bed to give her a delightful surprise when she woke from her sleep. We were always grateful to him for charming away many weary hours, which the little invalid would else have found drag heavily. Still, after all, we were not greatly cast down when he died, for Civet was a cat rather to be endured than loved.

## THE BEST PHYSICIAN.

---

UPON his bed of pain the sick boy lay  
Forlorn and sad ;  
Too much alone he spent the weary day—  
A pining lad.

The house was hot, the street door open stood  
For cooler air,  
And, unperceived, a small cat creeping in  
Went up the stair.

Oh, angels come to comfort us at times  
When grief is sore !  
And this small cat like angel seemed to John  
Inside his door.

Joy flushed his pallid face with crimson bloom,  
His eyes grew bright.



“ Oh, come, dear puss, upon my bed,” he cried,  
“ And stay all night !”

With tail erect upon the bed it sprang,  
And purred with joy,  
And soothed him so with song that Johnny felt  
A happy boy.

Puss shared his supper, stopped with him all night,  
And every day ;  
For mother (absent oft) gave willing leave  
For puss to stay.

And quickly now the sick boy better grew,  
Till mother said,  
“ Dear doctor, to your med'cine much we owe—  
John's out of bed !”

The doctor smiled a kindly smile, and said---  
“ It was not that.  
The best physician that your boy called in  
Was Doctor Cat !”

## CATS WE HAVE KNOWN.

(CONTINUED.)

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Destruction in her talons lies,  
And mischief gleameth in her eyes ;  
Her teeth are sharp, her manner wild,—  
And yet they love her as a child !

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AUNT SARA, as her young friends usually call her, is an invalid lady, living on the border of one of our London parks, who owns one of the least lovable of all the numerous cats with which we happen to be acquainted. This animal, named Timenes, is much indulged, though of unprepossessing appearance and spiteful disposition. She has a tabby-and-white coat, a short tail, and a countenance somewhat malicious in expression. She is a clever cat, but an extremely destructive one. To our own knowledge she has succeeded at different times in tearing to ribbons three sets of

chintz coverings for drawing-room chairs and sofas, by constantly scratching at them with her sharp talons.

Yet Aunt Sara, who is of a most kindly disposition, is by no means willing to take the advice of some of her friends, who try to persuade her to part with her destructive favourite. On the contrary, she excuses Timenes for all the mischievous deeds she perpetrates. Only a short time ago, when the ill-mannered cat had made long rents with her scratching all round the borders of two cloth table-covers, we heard her mistress remark upon her misconduct in the following words: "You see, this is all because the poor thing has no garden to run about in! If she had, she would scratch the stem of a tree, and leave table-covers alone."

This cat should be labelled "Dangerous;" for we have heard of more than one visitor to its owner's residence suffering from inadvertently caressing it. A Scotch lady in particular, who is fond of dumb creatures, complained to us that it tore her glove from knuckle to wrist, because she attempted to stroke it. Friends who visit Aunt Sara more

frequently have learned the wisdom of leaving Timenes alone. We cannot but admire the constancy of the affection with which the invalid lady regards her cat; but, at the same time, we could wish that the highly favoured creature had a sweeter temper.

We ourselves once owned a somewhat mischievous animal, named Miss Ophelia. She was a small, black cat, with a white breast, who had an objectionable habit of scratching at carpets till she covered them with loops of worsted. In all other respects her behaviour was most exemplary, and her contented, affectionate disposition rendered her greatly beloved in our family. Miss Ophelia was an excellent mouser, and as often as she was successful in the chase, she invariably carried her victim to exhibit it to all the members of the household she could possibly find before she feasted upon it.

It was a doleful period in this cat's history when the family removed to another residence. She made no effort to escape from the new house, but appeared greatly dissatisfied with the change, refusing for a long time to leave one of the upper rooms unless

carried downstairs. She was treated with much indulgence, and for many days had her breakfast regularly taken up to her, as though she were an invalid, and therefore unable to leave her room; but, alas! when Miss Ophelia did come down, we could have desired that she had remained even longer upstairs, for this reason: our removal necessitated new carpets for some of the rooms and also upon the stairs, and on going down to breakfast one morning we were dismayed to behold long loops which had been drawn from our good Brussels, disfiguring every step. The drawing-room carpet also gave grievous evidence that Miss Ophelia had there too indulged her mischievous habit. As we had proved that correction for this fault was utterly useless to cure her of it, it was decided, with much regret, that our cat must henceforth occupy another home not so well carpeted as our own. And thus Miss Ophelia, instead of rising in the social scale, descended, and had to make herself as comfortable as she could among some worthy cottagers who had no good carpets to which she might do injury.

Dr. Watts was a very fine tabby, who often walked to church with us on a Sunday evening, leaving us as soon as we reached the railings which surrounded it to return home. He was presented to us when quite a kitten by a nurse of ninety years, who had lived with our mother from her youth. Her name was Watts, and so we called puss after the giver, who had nursed us in infancy. Dr. Watts was at times rather strange in his behaviour. We recollect feeling on one occasion quite afraid of him; for, having arranged our hair in rather different fashion from that in which we were accustomed to wear it, the cat on meeting us glared at us with eyes of fire, while his tail assumed a bottle-brush appearance. Not relishing his threatening attitude, we beat a hasty retreat, and rearranged our hair to the satisfaction of the doctor.

Once, when upstairs in our bed-room, we were startled by a sudden crash as of glass breaking, and hurrying down to ascertain the cause of the noise, we beheld a handsome vase that hitherto had stood quite safely on the dining-room mantle-piece lying smashed to atoms upon the hearth. The servants

declared they were in the kitchen at the time the breakage occurred, and the only living creature we could discover in the room was Dr. Watts, apparently sound asleep under a chair. It was difficult to believe, as he lay there looking so innocent, that he could possibly have been the author of the mischief, and yet, unless the servants wilfully deceived us, he was the guilty party, feigning sleep in the slyest manner to escape blame.

Dr. Watts had a social disposition, and was so fond of children that he delighted to be one of three in a perambulator when the nurse wheeled our little girls round the square. When not riding with them he would walk by their side, rubbing, with arched back and tail erect, against the wheels of the little carriage when it stood still.

Dr. Watts lived for some time with us, and it was with deep regret we heard of his first and last indisposition, when we were endeavouring to recruit our health at the sea-side. He became ill soon after we left home, and suffered such fearful agony in his sickness that a merciful workman engaged on the premises begged permission to put an end to his

misery by poison. It would only have been cruel to refuse this permission. And thus we never again saw dear Dr. Watts; but we long lamented him as a lost and valued friend.

The intelligence of some cats is very remarkable. We have one at the present moment which, while we write, lies with two white kittens in a basket by the fire, whose instinct seems to become at times a reasoning power. This cat is rather a thin, delicate, lady-like creature, bearing the not altogether uncommon name of Jones.

There is in our house a door with an old-fashioned latch which shuts off the lower rooms. Now, if Jones deems it desirable to leave those lower regions and pay us a visit, she is far too independent a cat to sit waiting close by the door, hoping that by-and-by some one will come and open it for her. Oh no! Jones knows better than to waste her time in that way! She adopts the cleverer method of hanging on to the handle, which she rattles till the latch is lifted; then she jumps down, pushes the door open, and walks out.



Jones wears a well-kept white coat, and, like our old friend Tweedle, sees all that is going on with her two odd eyes, one green and one blue. Jones watches intently Louisa laying the dinner-cloth, and retreats under the table when the operation is done, lest she be turned out of the room; for Jones's presence is not desirable at meal times, because of her troublesome habit of standing on her hind legs beside you, clawing at your elbow. Indeed, Jones has actually been known to snatch a piece of meat from a fork with one of her front paws, and cleverly put it into her own mouth! If you say, "Louisa, put the cat out of the room," she will run and hide under the table, watching her opportunity to come out again the moment Louisa's back is turned upon her.

Jones is not the only well-fed cat we have called our own who has been importunate at the dinner-hour. We remember one of her predecessors sadly teasing in like manner an aged relative who dropped in one day to dine with us. We were not aware the cat was even in the room, until, finding the annoyance unbearable any longer, he gently re-

marked to us, "My dear, the persistent attentions of the lower creation are somewhat embarrassing!"

Jones is, unfortunately, given to catching birds, and her success in this line occasionally vexes us sadly. When the thrushes are rearing their young in the garden, we are often disturbed by hearing their loud notes of maternal anxiety,—a peculiar cry which cannot be mistaken,—and on hastening out to ascertain the cause, we find they have caught sight of Jones, either on the lawn or occupying a favourite position in a mulberry tree. We once entertained the gravest fears that a fine missel-thrush, which had a brood of nestlings in an acacia near, would itself fall a victim to the watchful cat, through parental anxiety to divert her attention from the sacred spot where its treasures lay. Flying backwards and forwards in a distressed condition, the poor bird actually at times swooped down so close to Jones as almost to touch her nose, uttering piteous cries the while. It was surprising how it escaped the cat's clutches, for she was too high in the mulberry tree for us to reach her and carry her indoors out of temptation. At length we induced her to

come down upon the lawn, the thrush still almost brushing her face with its wing as it swept past her, and then we speedily relieved it of her unwelcome presence. The leaves have fallen now and left the trees bare, and among their branches the untenanted nests of thrushes are now plainly visible; but we are thankful to say that none appear to have been visited by cats.

There is one grand difference between Jones and Tweedle, though they closely resemble each other in appearance: the latter was deaf, but the former is quick to hear every sound. We think also that it would be worse than useless to attempt to induce Jones to submit to much which the well-trained Tweedle was condemned to do and suffer. For instance, Tweedle once hatched a duck without venturing to touch it when it emerged from the shell; but no compulsion would succeed in forcing Jones to do likewise. The hatching happened on this wise: we had some magnificent Muscovy ducks, with red, fleshy knobs on their heads, and splendid dark, bronze-green plumage; and one of these forsook her nest just at the time we expected the eggs

to chip and the ducklings to emerge from the shells And so we made up our minds to try to get one hatched by Tweedle; and curling her round upon a flannel bed in a basket, we placed the egg in the centre of the circle she made. Next day a downy duckling struggled out of its prison, to Tweedle's unqualified disgust. Of course, she would have liked to snap at it; but, understanding thoroughly this would not be permitted, she did not attempt to injure it, and only expressed her abhorrence of the part she was compelled to play by throwing her head backward as far away from the duckling as possible. Now Jones would never behave in this exemplary manner; but, as she is living and in good health, we may still hope there is a useful future before her, and that she may perform some grand action before she dies.

We have reared numerous cats, whose deeds, if recorded, would not strike our young readers with any amazement; but one small black-and-white creature was once reported by a servant to have performed a feat of strength which, if such report were true, entitled it to rank as a veritable Samson

among its fellows. In one of our dining-room windows was a table, on which stood an immense shell-covered pot, in which a fine india-rubber plant flourished. This heavy pot required the strength of two persons to be lifted with comfort; and we were actually informed, upon finding it smashed on our return from a visit to the country, that the small black-and-white cat had knocked it off the table. Alarmed, indeed, should we have been had we really believed that we had in our house a diminutive animal possessed of the strength of a unicorn!

Alas! poor pussies! how frequently have you suffered unmerited punishment for careless deeds in which feline paws had no part! Oh, the valuable ornaments, the jugs, the basins, and the plates you destroy! So many lids of soap and tooth-brush dishes you fracture that you really must continually be either playing with water or cleaning your teeth. We could almost imagine that in some houses you are kept purposely to wash cups and saucers, tumblers and wine-glasses, from the immense number you break!

Oh, dear young readers, beware of uttering a

falsehood! There is nothing so mean as a lie, nor anything so beautiful as truth! And it is sad indeed when one goes about with a heavy burden on his mind day after day, or perhaps week after week, because he knows he has been guilty of deceit, and fears the real truth may come out. Well does a great poet exclaim,—

“Oh, what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practise to deceive!”

When we discover some valued article broken, or mischief done in house or garden, how consoling it is to hear the frank confession, “I did it!” uttered by one of our children. Though we are sorry for the loss or damage we have sustained, how much more grieved should we be for our far greater loss of confidence in the truthfulness of either of our boys or girls; for we have no right to believe that our children will grow up honest men and women unless they are truthful when young. Some very small children tell what are called “fibs” sadly, and if any such read these pages, we trust they will learn by heart the following lines :—

## THE FALSEHOOD.

O James, you've been telling a falsehood !  
And what will you do ?  
Oh dear ! when mamma comes to hear it,  
I wouldn't be you !

For nurse is quite certain to tell her ;  
And when you go down,  
You won't get a smile and a welcome,  
But only a frown.

For she says that of everything hateful  
A lie is the worst—  
That a thief never steals without telling  
Some falsehood at first ;

And she read how the great God of heaven,  
Who lives in the sky,  
Says no one shall enter his city  
"Who maketh a lie."

Dear James, would it not have been better  
To go to nurse straight,  
And say, "I am sorry to tell you  
I've broken a plate" ?

She would but have said, "What a pity !  
You're careless, I fear ;  
But you've told me the truth,—be more careful  
The next time, my dear."

But now you have told her a falsehood,  
And said 'twas the cat,  
Who sat all the while by the cellar  
To watch for a rat.

I'm sure you'll be punished for saying  
A thing so untrue,—  
And so, when we go in the parlour,  
I wouldn't be you !

## SAGACIOUS CATS.

---

'Twas worth a toilsome walk to see  
The cat's contented face,  
As in the water-jug she dipped  
Her foot with dainty grace.

---

JACOB is an intelligent tabby, whom indulgence has not spoiled. His lot is cast in one of the happiest of households, where the feelings of dumb creatures meet with consideration as well as those of human beings. In a home where the needs of the poor are the subject of daily thought and constant endeavour to supply, we may be quite certain that the wants of the cat are not forgotten. And so Jacob has his regular meals, his saucer of milk, and plenty of fresh water to drink when he is thirsty. But, curious to relate, this cat does not always turn to saucer or basin when he needs refreshment, but goes upstairs instead, and springing on a wash-hand-stand, dips repeatedly one of his fore feet into the



water-jug, licking it on withdrawal ; and this operation he continues till his thirst is quenched. We have heard of other cats going at times through the same performance in like manner ; but we supposed they were driven to become thus ingenious in consequence of not being supplied with water, which should be always accessible to these thirsty animals. But with Jacob the case was different. He was not compelled to resort to the water-jug through any such omission, but simply because he preferred taking refreshment occasionally in this original way.

We have read of a cat which was clever enough to appropriate the contents of a cream-jug by a similar use of the foot. There is a well-known proverb, "The early bird catches the worm," and puss proved the truth of this to her satisfaction. She sought the breakfast-room before the family came down, and finding no one there, sprang on the table to discover, if possible, something to tempt her appetite. A tall, narrow-necked jug full of cream at once attracted her attention, but all her efforts were useless to get her big head close enough to the rich beverage for her tongue to reach



JACOB AND THE WATER-JUG.

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it. But puss was not willing to allow her desire for cream to be thus thwarted. If she failed to attain her end by usual means, she would try others. She was far too tidy and thoughtful a cat to upset the jug and spill the cream upon the unsoiled cloth; she would act decently; and so she daintily lifted one of her fore paws, and inserting it carefully in the narrow neck, drew it out again, licking it with evident enjoyment. This operation she repeated till no more cream remained in the jug, and then she prudently descended from the table. When the members of the household met in the breakfast-room, they were surprised to find that they must be content to drink only milk in their coffee; but sundry drops of cream on the cloth around the jug at once pointed out puss as the thief. Doubtless this cunning cat imagined in her feline mind that she had stolen the cream adroitly, and left no evidence behind which would cause her to be suspected of committing the theft; but like many purloiners of human-kind, who think to escape detection, she was mistaken.

We have often remarked with astonishment how

very stupid the cleverest thieves often are. However ingeniously they may have contrived to commit a robbery, we frequently find their secret at one point or another so unguarded that discovery of the perpetrators of the theft becomes perfectly easy, thus proving that guilt and folly are in close companionship.

Many people assert that cats are attached only to the places where they live, not to the persons with whom they reside ; but numerous well-authenticated anecdotes of their attachment to their owners prove this assertion to be incorrect.

We once knew an elderly couple living at a farm in Staffordshire, called Winkhill, who were much attached to their cat, which was a most intelligent creature. In time circumstances occurred which obliged them to leave the farm and remove to the town of Leek, which is about six miles distant. On the day of their quitting the old, familiar homestead, poor puss was placed in a covered basket (supposed to be properly secured) on the top of a van laden with the goods of the household. But this removal was altogether out of harmony with the

cat's feelings and desires, and by the time three miles of the journey had been accomplished, she managed to escape unperceived from her prison, in which she had been observed a few minutes before quite safe. Her absence was discovered almost immediately after her flight; but pursuit at the time was impossible, as the elderly couple were anxious to get their furniture housed before nightfall, and too busy to search for puss that day, much as they valued her.

Next morning inquiries for the cat were set on foot, but she was nowhere to be found. It was thought probable that she had gone back to the old residence, but the premises were searched in vain. Days, weeks, months rolled on, and nothing was seen or heard of the missing favourite. But one morning, just six months after the worthy couple had left their former residence, their dear old cat suddenly appeared at the door of their new home, expressing her joy at finding her long-lost friends with unmistakable signs of pleasure. She did not lift the door-knocker, like a remarkable cat we have read of, which always gained speedy admis-

sion into its home by standing on its hind legs and making its desire to enter known by a loud 'rap, but her pitiful mewing brought about the same happy result. Puss had used her wonderful instinct to such purpose that, though she had never seen the new house, never been in the town of Leek, she actually succeeded in finding her owners among its twelve thousand inhabitants.

Cats delight in warm and comfortable beds, and if they are compelled to pass most of their time out of doors, show much sagacity in discovering delightful nooks where they may lie sheltered from wind and rain. A hen in Ayrshire found itself a quiet nest away from the noisy, clucking fowls in the farm-yard, and there laid fifteen eggs, and sat peacefully upon them, until one of the cats of the place, discovering the warm nook, turned the poor hen out of it, and took possession of it herself. The eggs must have been near hatching, for soon after one of the servants of the house came accidentally upon the nest, and was astonished at beholding puss there, surrounded by chickens and kittens, all looking as happy and comfortable as possible!





**A SAGACIOUS CAT.**

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Some of our readers may have read the interesting tale of a sagacious cat, whose kittens first saw the light in a hollow at the top of an old trunk of a tree. The weather was fine, and puss came and went to and from the house, appearing very happy that her dear ones were out of reach of harm. But one day she was seen hurrying down the path which led to the spot where her beloved family resided. The sky overhead had become dark and stormy-looking. The wind rose, and swayed to and fro the branches of the trees, through which it howled; and on every hand the signs of a coming tempest were visible. Puss had an anxious look in her eyes, as she sprang up the trunk of the old tree, and quickly she descended into the hollow and reappeared with one of her kittens in her mouth, which she carried as quickly as she could to the house door. This was at once kindly opened by a child who had watched the cat through the window, and puss, walking into the kitchen, laid down the little creature on the rug before the fire. Then hurrying to the door again, she entreated the child by a piteous mew to open it once more; and soon she

climbed the tree, and again descended with another precious burden in her mouth, which was speedily placed beside the other kitten on the comfortable rug. Then followed another journey to the tree, and yet another pretty kitten was dragged into the kitchen by the now fatigued mother, who, when she found her family all safe upon the blazing hearth, sang a happy and grateful song. And scarcely were they there before the threatening storm came down in earnest. The heavy rain fell in tremendous torrents, lying in great pools upon the ground. Well for the kittens that their affectionate mother had displayed such wise forethought; for they would surely have met death by drowning had they remained in the hollow tree. The cat seemed to be congratulating herself and family upon the prudent manner in which she had acted, as, listening to the pelting storm, her ears moved occasionally backward while she purred before the fire. We once heard an eccentric lady declare she would willingly present the sum of £100 to any person who succeeded in introducing variations into a cat's song! For our own part, were such change possible, we should not

desire it ; for we think the very soul of contentment lies in its soothing monotony.

It is extraordinary how soon cats discover that those to whom they are attached are ailing, and therefore in need of sympathy. Occasionally they seem to arrive at the conclusion that your sickness arises from hunger—or, at all events, they act as if they believed this ; for it is no unusual thing for an affectionate cat to bring either a dead rat or mouse to your pillow and drop it beside you.

We have heard a story, which we believe to be true, of a considerate puss bringing her master, who was confined to his bed by an attack of illness, a mouse to comfort him. This, to the cat's satisfaction, he pretended to eat ; and shortly after she left the room, and by-and-by returned to the invalid, this time dragging in a dead squirrel. It was some time before the gentleman recovered sufficiently to leave his room ; but until he came downstairs puss constantly endeavoured to tempt his appetite by supplying him with dead animals of various kinds.

Children who are ill often recover more speedily through the wise little cats that seek their beds in

such weary times. These sagacious animals appear to be aware that if their society can ever benefit their young owners, it will be when sickness has made them dull and dejected. Thus they watch the doors of the chambers where the little invalids lie, and, creeping in whenever opportunity offers, spring on their beds to soothe them with their companionship and amuse them with their playful ways. How frequently have we observed small pinched faces, to which we vainly endeavoured to bring a smile, light up with pleasure as pussy vigorously pursued the piece of string which thin little hands slowly drew up the counterpane. And how often have we silently blessed the furry creatures who succeeded where we failed.

There are selfish boys and girls who do not care to give up their out-door sports and games that they may sometimes sit with afflicted children, who are compelled to lie upon beds or sofas for weeks or even months in succession. "We like to be out in the sunshine," they say. "We hate to be shut in rooms where the blinds are down, and we cannot throw up the windows to look out of them and feel

the fresh air upon our faces." They forget the golden rule which says, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," and so they never try to amuse the poor little boys and girls who are too weak to go out and see the green fields and beautiful blue sky, nor do they even bring them small bunches of flowers out of their own gardens. Yet, if they had only kind hearts, how much they might do that would cost them no money at all, and yet give great delight to suffering children.

We once were surprised, on going into a room where a sick child was lying, to see him sitting up in bed with a pale face that looked very happy. And when we came closer we saw that he was watching nine beautiful green beetles (commonly called June-bugs), which were crawling about among some rose-leaves spread on the sheet before him. His kind brothers had brought them in from the garden to amuse him; and when he was tired of looking at them, he lay down to sleep, and the shining beetles were taken back to the roses where they had been found.

If we meet with persons who never visit the

sick, although they have plenty of time to do so, we are always quite sure they are selfish people, who do not like following in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus, who delighted in deeds of mercy and always "went about doing good." Such are not nice people to make friends of nor to live with ; because their constant thought is about how much they can afford to spend upon themselves, instead of how little they can dress and live happily upon, and how much they can afford to give away to those who need help. Cats are more unselfish in their ways. They will visit the sick in the houses where they live whenever they are permitted to do so, and do not growl if the blinds are down and the windows closed, but are grateful to be allowed to sit in chairs by the bedside or on the beds themselves, and show this by singing their low, sweet songs.

KIND MARY ANN M'CALL.

---

POOR little John sat up in bed  
Well wrapped in soft, warm shawl ;  
He was so very sick and weak  
He could not eat at all,  
And slowly from his heavy eyes  
I saw two tear-drops fall.

I spoke of all nice things I knew,  
To tempt him just to eat  
A tiny morsel ; but not one  
I named he thought a treat.  
He only shook his curly head,  
And fumbled with the sheet.

But God is very good, and sends  
Us help when most we need,



And soon by Johnny's bedside stood  
A friend he loved indeed ;  
'Twas kindly Mary Ann M'Call,  
Who loves the sick to feed.

Puss on the mat outside the door  
For entrance long had tried ;  
When Mary Ann M'Call went in  
It swiftly slipped inside,  
And, springing on the pillow soft,  
For very pleasure cried.

She kissed the child and stroked the cat—  
“ And, Johnny dear,” said she,  
“ I've left downstairs a prairie hen  
That came across the sea  
Close packed in ice, with other things  
Sent by a friend to me.

“ Perhaps to-morrow you may dine  
Upon that pretty bird !”  
And Johnny brightened up the while  
Her soothing talk he heard,—

So cheery is a pleasant face,  
So sweet a kindly word.

And soon the feathers from the fowl  
Were plucked off one by one ;—  
How strange to think that it was hatched  
And lived and died for John,  
And came across the great green waves  
For him to dine upon !

And when to-morrow came, I saw  
How, wrapped in soft, warm shawl,  
Dear Johnny ate the fat bird's wing,  
And picked the bone and all ;  
But just a piece for little puss  
Upon the floor let fall.  
And then I blessed the loving heart  
Of Mary Ann M'Call.

## AFFECTIONATE CATS.

---

When sad, she seemed to feel your grief,  
And wish that she could give relief ;  
And by your sick-bed sat as still  
As though she knew that you were ill !

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**M**OST cats are affectionate, but some are especially so. Numerous are the true tales we could tell of the devotion of these animals to their owners through long seasons of sickness, did time permit ; but, as the number of our pages is limited, we must be contented to record but a few anecdotes of their affectionate sympathy with the afflicted.

We have read of a fine yellow cat that was fondly attached to a gentleman, to whose house she was sent in kittenhood. Her master was always kind to dumb creatures, though not extremely fond of them ; but pussy's affection for him was extraordinary. Now and then he would stroke her and

occasionally give her morsels of food; but, as a rule, he bestowed little attention upon her. Nevertheless the grateful cat seemed more than content with such slight notice, and gave him a full measure of love in return.

Some time after, when puss had attained her full growth, the gentleman was attacked by serious illness, and after being confined to his bed for a few weeks, breathed his last. All through that season of trouble the misery of the cat was indescribable. She wandered wildly about the house, and up and down the stairs, mewing piteously. When the sick man's door was opened she would steal in, jump on the bed, and observe her master with a look of distress that was painful to behold; for it seemed to speak her disappointment that he was too ill to caress her. At last the poor gentleman lay still in death, and when all was quiet puss went into the darkened room and mournfully took her position at the feet of her dead master. The family were so affected by this proof of her devotion to him that they allowed her to retain it as long as possible. She cared little for food, and spent most of her time

in the chamber of death, till the body was removed for burial ; and on the mourners returning from the grave they found her lying on the mat outside the closed door of her late master's room. It was long before the attached creature could be comforted, and she did not regain her old sprightliness for many months. Her fidelity secured for her a firm place in the affections of the relatives of the deceased ; for never had human being a truer mourner.

How touching is the narrative of a handsome cat's attachment to a little boy, of which, possibly, some of our readers may have heard. She was so devoted to this child that she never attempted to devour a mouse until after she had first carried it to him that she might receive his ready approbation of her cleverness in catching it.

It was a mournful time for puss when her dear young master became ill. She managed to spend entire days and nights beside his bed ; but when the disorder so increased that it was necessary to remove her from the room, she became utterly disconsolate. So persistent were her efforts to return to the sick-

chamber that nothing but locking her up was of any avail to prevent her making her way in. At length the little boy died, and the day after, the cat, accidentally liberated from her prison, ran quickly to the room where she had been accustomed to find her friend. He had been removed to another apartment in the house, and with loud cries of anguish puss roamed about till she finally settled down, perfectly silent, at the door of the chamber where the dead child lay. Again she was borne away, and placed once more under lock and key until the funeral of the little boy was over. Then she disappeared at once, and, after a whole fortnight's absence, returned, wasted almost to a skeleton, to the room in which she had spent so many happy days with her departed playmate. Food was offered her, but she ran away without tasting it, crying dolefully. Soon, however, she made her appearance daily at the house in the family dinner-hour, driven there, doubtless, by the sharp pangs of hunger. It seemed so unaccountable that she should always leave as soon as she had eaten the food that was given her, that some members of the

household resolved to follow her. They soon discovered her lying close within the churchyard wall, beside her young master's grave. And for five long years, excepting when the winter nights were severe, this devoted creature slept in the sacred enclosure. At the expiration of this period the family removed to some distance, taking the good cat with them. The little grave had now been left so far behind that she did not attempt to return to it. She allowed the other children of the family to play with and caress her. But her sprightliness was gone from the hour that she was carried from the sick child's apartment and kept a prisoner till his funeral was over. She never could be called a lively cat after her sad bereavement; but she lived to a good old age, and always experienced the kindest treatment at the hands of the members of the family, who greatly valued her for her devotion to the departed child.

Cats not only show strong affection towards human beings, but are often remarkably attached to each other, exhibiting at times wonderful sympathy for feline sufferers. We know a lady who had a queer

little kitten called Tilps, gifted with a sweet disposition, that behaved to a very cross mother named Gilf in a most dutiful manner. This kitten would endure patiently sundry pats on the head from its maternal relative, when her temper was even worse than usual, without once returning blow for blow.

But Tilps's amiability was shown in the most charming manner when she grew to be rather an old kitten, and cross Gilf had another baby. Poor Gilf at this period fell into bad health, and kind Tilps, full of pity for the neglected infant, did her utmost to comfort it and look after its welfare. When it cried—as was too frequently the case—she would take it in her mouth and carry it into some warm corner where she seemed to think it would be more comfortable, then lying down, she would curl herself round it, and licking it, do all in her power to make it happy.

When Murrell, as the small kitten was called, grew old enough to eat, Tilps frequently practised the virtue of self-denial by taking it tempting morsels from her own plate at dinner. Cross Gilf, the kitten's own mother, had no notion of doing



anything so unselfish, nor would she ever trouble herself to lug Murrell about the house, looking in cupboards for cozy corners in which to place her. It was Tilps who might often be met on the stairs, with head erect, bearing another's burden so bravely that all who saw her praised her goodness and affection.

Yet we cannot say she was as truly appreciated by the family with whom she resided as she deserved to be ; for, on paying a visit to the house some time afterwards, we saw ill-tempered Gif lying on the drawing-room rug as usual, but found that Tilps and Murrell had both been given away. It would only have been kind and considerate to stipulate that whoever took one must take both ; but, alas ! this was not done. Tilps was torn away from her beloved young relative, and distance so separates the two cats that it is not at all probable they will ever see each other again.

We remember reading once an interesting anecdote of the attachment of a cat to a dog. These two friends had been reared together,—they slept in the same bed, drank out of the same dish, ate from



A CAT'S ATTACHMENT.

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the same plate, played with each other in the garden, and even took little walks in company. One day their master intentionally shut the dog outside the room while he and his wife dined, at the same time allowing the cat to remain, that they might observe what effect the unusual separation would have upon her. They were a little surprised to find that she appeared to be perfectly contented to remain for a time away from her constant companion, and that she enjoyed feasting on partridge which was given her, without apparently bestowing a thought upon the poor dog who had hitherto always taken his meals with her.

After dinner the lady rose, and laying half a partridge on a clean plate, covered it with another, and put it by for her husband's supper, closing but not fastening the door of the cupboard in which she placed it. The cat then hurried from the room to seek her friend, and finding him, commenced mew-ing to him in so loud and extraordinary a manner that she could be heard all over the house. The dog answered her repeatedly with short, sharp barks, and then the cat mewed again, as if the two animals

were conversing together and each actually understood the language used by the other. They then went into the dining-room, silently watched by the lady, who had left it, but, attracted by the loud mewling, had returned to ascertain if possible its cause. The door was ajar, and the lady standing outside it observed, with astonishment, that puss led her friend to the cupboard, where she had doubtless seen the partridge placed, the door of which she managed to open speedily. The dog stood below, looking up with an air of expectancy, as if aware that something to his advantage was about to happen. Presently the clever cat succeeded in pushing off the covering plate, and taking the half partridge in her mouth, descended to the floor and laid it at her companion's feet.

It may readily be imagined with what licking of lips and wagging of tail the dog received so acceptable a gift! The cat sat looking on with contented face while he devoured the delicious meal; for the kind lady could not find it in her heart to deprive him of what had been procured for him with so much ingenuity and almost reasoning power.

And, truly, neither could we ourselves have taken the partridge from the dog, much as we object to see dumb animals feasting on dainty food which might tempt the small appetite of some poor invalid; for the cat's consideration well earned a reward. Still, we could occasionally desire that our fellow-creatures were cared for as well as the dumb pets in some people's houses. We have often been grieved to observe plates heaped with good food set before well-fed cats and dogs. Such were quite unable to get through one-half of the savoury pile; but after they had licked it over and dragged it about it became unfit for human food, although even then there were hundreds of little hungry children and grown people also who would have thankfully received what these pampered animals left, could they only have obtained it. During the late inclement winter a poor man who had been long out of work rapped at the door of a friend of ours, and telling him he was perishing from starvation, entreated food. Our good friend invited the man into his kitchen, where his eager eye immediately caught sight of the remains of a cat's dinner

in a plate under the table. Anxiously he implored to be permitted to eat what was left. Our friend remonstrated, telling him he would soon be supplied with proper food; but so famished was the destitute creature that again he begged earnestly to take up the plate, and permission being granted, eagerly devoured its contents. While there is so much need among our fellow-creatures, let us never waste the good gifts of a gracious God, however freely he may have bestowed them upon us, for we are responsible for them all. We are not justified in having half-fed animals about us; but it is quite possible to satisfy their wants fully, while, at the same time, we avoid being in any degree wasteful.

The lines which follow were sent by us some little time ago to a magazine entitled *That which was Lost*, but will, doubtless, be new to many of our readers.

JOHNNY RAY.

---

THE church bells rang  
With a merry clang  
On an early Christmas morning ;  
But a darkened sky  
Of a leaden dye  
Of a dismal storm gave warning.

O Christmas dear,  
With thy genial cheer  
And thy happy, happy meetings--  
Who heeds the snow  
In the heartfelt glow  
Of thy kindly, joyous greetings ?

But Johnny Ray  
On that bitter day  
Was hungry and cold and friendless ;



With frozen feet,  
Through the snow and sleet,  
He trudged down the long streets endless.

Father in bed,  
And mother dead—  
Ah, 'twas the old, sad story!  
Sorrow must reign  
In this world of pain  
Till Jesus shall come in glory.

Poor little John!  
As the day wore on,  
He marked with a longing tearful  
How busy cooks  
Hung the joints on hooks  
In the glow of the fires cheerful.

And there on a mat  
Was a sleek, gray cat,  
In the warmth of a bright blaze, dining  
Off fowl and fish,  
On a piled-up dish—  
Poor John! could he help repining?

Hunger and cold  
Had made him bold,  
So round to the front door flying,  
He knocked, and said,  
“ Shall the *cat* be fed,  
While *I* am of hunger dying ? ”

The door flew back—  
But was closed, alack !  
Full soon, on the thin lad, weeping ;  
For the footman bluff  
Felt the wind was rough  
As it rushed through the wide hall sweeping.

“ Who knocked to crave,”  
Asked the master grave,  
“ So loudly, our help and pity ?  
Oh, was it a child  
In the storm so wild,  
Forlorn, in this crowded city ? ”

“ I have not seen,”  
Said the footman Green,  
“ So shoeless and bold a sinner !

He dared to tap  
With a double rap  
And ask for the old cat's dinner!"

"Call back the child!"  
Said the master mild;  
"Shall he shiver in cold and sadness  
This day of days  
When the Saviour's praise  
Should bring to the poorest gladness?"

Oh, welcome call!  
From the wide bright hall  
It rang through the tempest dreary  
On John's keen ear,  
As though angel dear  
Were summoning home the weary.

Poor Johnny Ray!  
On that happy day  
He sat in the warm light glowing  
Of fire so red,  
Well clothed and fed,  
And his heart with joy o'erflowing.

---

Tall of his age,  
Now a sprightly page  
With a row of buttons shining  
Opens the door  
Where he knocked before,  
At the cat's full meal repining.

## AFFECTIONATE CATS.

(CONTINUED.).

---

Her coat was white, her eyes were blue,  
And oh, she had a heart as true  
As any cat we ever knew !

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AMONG our earliest recollections is that of waking up one morning to find our face literally covered with what appeared to be cat-scratches ; on account of which disfigurement we were so doubly petted by our faithful nurse, Ann Watts, all day that we would willingly have endured a repetition of scratches for the sake of the indulgence they secured us. A fine tortoiseshell cat had passed the night at the foot of our bed ; but she was so affectionate a creature that it was deemed impossible she could have been the author of the mischief, and so to this day those early scratches are enveloped in mystery.

When this tortoiseshell cat died in a good old age, a fine white animal succeeded her, and two large-limbed, black and white half-grown kittens, which had been brought by a friend from Russia, and had remarkably playful dispositions, bounded about the house to the great delight of the children. The large white cat was quite a favourite in the nursery, and often occupied a seat at the big, round oak table there at meal-times. She was so affectionate that she allowed the little ones to drag her to bed with them, and might frequently be seen asleep with her head on a child's pillow.

When our elder sisters grew old enough to leave the nursery, and sit either in the school-room preparing their lessons for the next day or downstairs with our parents, we were allowed to sit up with Ann Watts for an hour after the younger children had gone to bed, to read to her after our own ignorant fashion. She would unscrew a high horse-hair chair from the mahogany table on which it stood, and bid us take our seat in the former before the latter. She then fetched a tremendous green-covered Bible, which had been

bound after being taken out in monthly parts, and opened it before us. This Bible always appeared to our childish eyes a mine of untold treasure ; for, besides being full of pictures, it also contained the Apocrypha, or what the old lady called "the Pock-riff." Before the reading commenced she would get some stockings that needed mending, and place a skein of darning cotton round her neck, then, sitting down in a rocking-chair by the fire, she dragged the big cat into her lap (that is, if it were not in bed with the little ones), and told us to "go on."

How vividly we recall at this moment her frequent ejaculations of wonder and sorrow as we read of the sufferings and death of Jesus, of whom Ann Watts was so true and simple a disciple. Sometimes tears would roll down her cheeks and fall upon the old cat peacefully sleeping in her lap, and after we had finished our pleasant task she would send us to bed, praising us and telling us we had "a good head-piece."

Poor dear Ann Watts ! She lived to be nearly one hundred years old, and then died from the

effects of an accident. We feel sure that, as she loved the Lord and trusted in him, she is now rejoicing in heaven, where we hope one day to meet her. Now she is gone, we wish we had never teased and troubled her; but she bore with all our mischief most patiently, and we never remember her being really angry with us excepting on one occasion. A fine rat had been caught in a trap in the cellar, and we managed to get hold of it. Taking the cook into our confidence, we curled it round, head to tail, upon a dish, and placing a cover over it, had it sent into the nursery and set down on the middle of the breakfast-table. When we were assembled round for the morning meal Ann Watts inquired of us if we knew what was in the covered dish, and our very wrong answer was, "Something delicious." But when the lifted cover revealed only a dead rat, her fine face became flushed with indignation, and, rising wrathfully from the table, she made us feel, almost for the first time, the heavy weight of her large hand.

A tame thrush, which we had reared from the nest, and which passed as much of its time outside



as inside its cage, was often brought into the nursery, and hopped about among the children. The large good cat seemed to like its company, and never attempted to hurt it. Indeed, it is extraordinary how cats sometimes attach themselves to feathered creatures, although it seems to be opposed to their natural instincts that they should do so.

We have heard of a cat belonging to a gentleman in the west of England which, having been deprived of her kittens, consoled herself in the society of two little yellow ducklings. She laid herself down in their nest and kept them warm and comfortable, led them about the yard in search of food, and appeared never so happy as when she watched them enjoying their meals. In fact, in this affectionate cat the downy ducklings found a second mother.

It is very unkind, indeed we might almost say cruel, to deprive a cat of all her kittens at once. We have known thoughtless persons think nothing of drowning the whole litter, leaving the distressed mother without even one of her beloved family to comfort her. An unfortunate cat, whose lot was

cast in a household on the south coast of England, found herself one day in this miserable condition. All her darlings had been pitilessly taken from her, leaving her as lonely as just before she had been happy. Fowls were kept on the premises, and a hen had hatched that same morning a nice brood of chickens. As puss roamed about the place in disconsolate mood, seeking vainly her lost children, she observed the proud and happy hen clucking to her pretty family. So strong was this poor cat's desire to have something to love and care for, that she was seized with an impulse to carry off one of the chicks,—which strange theft, despite the vigilance of the hen, she actually effected. Carrying it carefully, so as not in the least to hurt it, she bore her stolen treasure to the quietest corner of a cellar, which was visited only occasionally by the servants of the house. Soon after she had settled herself comfortably down with her adopted child, the little chicks were counted, and one was discovered to be missing, but all efforts to ascertain its whereabouts failed.

Next morning the cat's absence was also noted and considered strange, but some days elapsed

before she was quite accidentally found. One of the servants, going in search of something she wanted near the unfrequented corner of the cellar, suddenly discovered puss lying there with one paw over the missing chick, which appeared to be in perfect health. How she had procured food for it and herself unperceived no one appeared to be able to say, but neither cat nor chick seemed to have suffered hunger. Puss and her pet were at once removed to more comfortable quarters in a cupboard in the kitchen, where they spent the greater part of the day—the chicken nestling close to its would-be mother, and the cat purring loudly.

One morning puss and the chick were placed at a short distance from the hen, who walked about surrounded by her brood. The little creature, showing no disposition to join her family, was taken up and set down beside them; but it quickly ran back to its friend the cat. This affectionate animal always appeared ill at ease when the chicken left her to take its food, and always welcomed back her charge with demonstrations of pleasure. But joy, even to dumb as well as human creatures, is fre-

quently, alas! of a very fleeting character. Soon this strange couple were separated by death. The poor chick met with an accident, and shortly after died, leaving the cat in such deep grief that some days elapsed before she would take food.

Mr. White, a very observant gentleman, who wrote a most interesting book on the "Natural History of Selborne," in Hampshire, tells a true tale of a cat's affection for a leveret. This helpless, motherless little creature had been found and given to a friend of Mr. White before it was even able to eat. The servants of the house were extremely kind to it, and fed it with milk from a spoon; but there was a compassionate animal in the kitchen who closely observed and specially pitied the lonely leveret. This was a poor puss who had recently passed through severe trouble. She found herself, about the time the leveret was brought to the house, surrounded one morning by three or four pretty kittens; but in the first flush of her new joy a heavy blow descended: all were taken away at once, and drowned and buried. In a day or two the new-

comer was missing, and search for it proving fruitless, it was supposed to have escaped from the kitchen and been destroyed by some dog upon the premises.

But puss knew better than this, or she would not have been so full of happiness as she was. She had the little leveret all to herself, safe and sound in a quiet corner somewhere in shed or outhouse, out of reach of harm. One day as her master was walking in the garden when the evening shadows began to fall, he was surprised to observe his cat, who was now seldom to be seen indoors, running towards him, with tail erect, turning occasionally to talk in comfortable cat-language to a playful little animal that came skipping behind her. Astonished, he beheld the lost leveret, whom puss must have carried off and reared in place of her drowned kittens; for it was perfectly at home with her, and evidently regarded her as a mother. For a long time the two strange companions held each other in affectionate regard, thus proving that cats are not attached to the young of their own species only.

We have been told of an odd puss who even

brought up a young rat among her kittens. She seemed at first to place it in her warm basket as a toy for the little creatures to play with ; but neither they nor herself ever harmed it, and she nursed them all alike, paying the rat as much attention as if it were a kitten, and so reared them in perfect harmony and affection.

Oh, when we think of creatures with instincts and natures so opposite living as happily together as birds in one nest, we wish we might oftener have the joy of beholding human beings—the boys and girls of one family, dwelling in one home—as united and peaceful ! Then there would be fewer headaches and heartaches through quarrels that never need occur,—fewer hard words, fewer heavy, hasty blows ! Then we should have in our own houses a foretaste of the delightful time which will one day come upon the earth, when men will never go to war any more, when children will cease to quarrel, when “the lion shall lie down with the lamb,” and the strife of tongues shall cease, because the Prince of Peace has come to reign.

## THE TWO AGED LADIES.

---

“**M**AMMA,” said Eliza Thompson,  
As thoughtful she sat and sewed,  
“I cannot forget those ladies  
I met in the Goswell Road ;

“Those two little aged ladies,  
With faces so kind and calm,  
I’m sure that they would not offer  
The tiniest insect harm.

“I watched them their dwelling enter ;  
And late, as I passed to-day,  
They sat by their pretty window,  
With flowers in boxes gay ;

“And each was engaged in knitting,  
And just in the centre sat,

---

On a table that stood between them,  
A beautiful Persian cat.

“ And a dear little bird was hopping  
About a geranium near.  
They smiled when they saw me looking,  
And nodded, and said, ‘ No fear.’

“ If I should be ever aged,  
How much I should like to be  
Like those little aged ladies,  
Whom all must delight to see !

“ I will not allow bad temper  
Or passion to knit my brow,  
Or frown when things are not pleasant,  
As often I’m doing now ;

“ And then,” said Eliza Thompson,  
As thoughtful she sat and sewed,  
“ Perhaps I’ll grow like those ladies  
I met in the Goswell Road !”



## B R A V E   C A T S.

---

Brave cat ! her courage never failed  
When bird or beast of prey assailed ;  
And none who watched the fight could say  
That puss was worsted in the fray.

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CATS are generally very courageous creatures, and seldom show fear of attacking supposed foes because of the superior size of the latter. A friend occasionally visits us accompanied by an enormous mastiff, almost as big as a young donkey. This fine dog, though of a ferocious aspect, has a mild disposition ; but his large jaws look powerful enough to snap up and destroy in a moment any poor puss that might be unfortunate enough to come in his way. We have a small cat, of strong will and determination, who evidently disapproves of this mastiff invading what she seems to consider her own private territory. She will thrust her little head inside the slightly open door of the room in which

the dog may be lying, and watch him intently with threatening eyes. Indeed, her glance seems to say, "Only just venture to take a stride or two in this direction, and you will at once discover I am in no way terrified by your great size!" And truly, should she imagine that any movement he may make is intended to be aggressive, she will surely spring forward and claw at the dog's ears, despite his tremendous height.

We read a little ago of a terrible scrimmage between a hawk and a cat, in which the latter came off victorious. Some of our readers keep perhaps in their gardens hawks of the smaller kind, called "kestrels." If so, they know well how remarkably sharp the beaks and talons of these pretty creatures are. We ourselves have had hawks not a few, quite at home on our premises, which they never attempted to leave. One of these was an extremely spiteful bird, that spent its days in constant watchfulness for opportunities to be cruel. If you went into an arbour to read quietly for a time, the beautiful piercing eyes of this bird would not be slow to

discover you in your retreat, and it would come toward you as quickly as the cut feathers of one of its wings would allow it, and if it could manage to get at your feet, it would peck them in the most pitiless manner. If these were concealed, it would hang to your dress by its sharp claws, uttering shrill cries. We have frequently paced a long lawn backward and forward for some time, with the hawk hanging on to our skirt with its talons.

But we must return to the fight we have mentioned between a cat and a hawk of a larger species. Puss was a happy mother, who occupied the warm corner of a stable in a farm-yard. She was one of those rare and fortunate animals whose kittens had not been taken from her to undergo the horrors of death by drowning; and one bright morning she led her lively family forth from the stable's peaceful shelter to enjoy the fresh air and bask in the sunshine outside it. The kittens had just arrived at the frisking age, and they frolicked around their mother, and made high leaps in the air, as though they had gone mad with delight! And she was by no means too demure to refuse to join in their pretty

gambols, to run wild races with them, and tumble over and over with them in lively confusion.

But, alas! how suddenly at times joy gives place to trouble! While the kittens were racing and bounding and struggling together, a large hawk sailing over the farm-yard was keenly observing their every movement. Now the watchful bird was, excepting the flutter of its pinions, still in the sky overhead; now it was poised motionless in the air above its innocent and unconscious prey; then in a moment it dropped from its height, and had one of the playful kittens fast in its terrible talons. Awful was the situation; but the brave mother-cat proved herself equal to the emergency. Darting on the formidable foe, she compelled it in self-defence to drop its victim; and then ensued perhaps one of the severest conflicts that were ever recorded between bird and beast. It seemed at first that, owing to the great strength of its pinions, its sharp beak and even sharper talons, the hawk would come off conqueror. Indeed, it so succeeded in wounding the cat, in tearing her with its claws, and even depriving her of the sight of one eye, that her

chance of victory appeared very small. But, despite all this, puss fought on desperately, till she succeeded in disabling her mortal enemy by breaking one of its wings. Then she pursued her advantage, and by one grand effort laid the spoiler dead at her feet. After tearing off the hawk's head, as if to render its recovery impossible, instead of licking her own wounds and mewing over her own lost eye, this noble and unselfish cat ran to her bleeding kitten, and endeavoured by the kindest motherly attention to soothe its sufferings and comfort it in its trouble, purring with joy while she caressed it that it had not been taken from her.

Oh, when we are tempted to think our comparatively small sorrows severe, so that we become too much occupied with dwelling upon them to find time to soothe the deeper griefs of many of our fellow-creatures, we might be benefited by recalling the affection of this self-forgetting cat!

There once lived a small tortoiseshell cat who was remarkable for the thefts she committed. This little creature was quite a sporting character, and



THE CAT AND THE HAWK.



might constantly be seen dragging towards the house some rabbit or squirrel which she had succeeded in capturing and killing in the fields around. As for the poor birds in the garden, they suffered sadly from pussy's depredations, who was never so happy as when engaged in hunting expeditions of this nature. But, despite this cat's continual indulgence of cruel propensities, she was much valued by her owners, specially on account of her affection for the children of the family, of whom she was both playmate and friend.

One day puss found herself the proud mother of a litter of kittens, which were soon taken from her during her temporary absence from them and destroyed. Distressed beyond measure at the loss she had sustained, and full of rage against the perpetrator of the cruel deed, the cat sallied forth to search in every nook and corner for her lost treasures. While thus engaged she met the great watch-dog, the faithful guardian of the premises, whom she usually regarded with perfect indifference. Suddenly puss appeared to arrive at the conclusion that in the big, innocent creature before her she



beheld the author of all her troubles! Fired with resentment, the brave little animal commenced a furious attack upon her supposed enemy. What did it matter to her that the dog was ten times her small size? Had he not robbed her of all she held precious? and because he was big should he therefore escape punishment? Flying at him with uncontrolled fury, she gave him a succession of such severe clawings for his imaginary wickedness that the great dog, with tail between his legs and his nose bleeding, fled howling from the fray!

This courageous little cat was once unfortunate enough to be caught by one of her feet in a trap which had been set for rabbits and securely buried in the ground. How she managed to dig or drag this trap up none could ever tell, but she not only did this, but actually contrived to pull it for a long distance to the house, that she might appeal to the servants to set her at liberty. Poor brave puss! she had dragged it up steep paths in intense pain, and was at last rewarded for her patient efforts by the nurse and children, who, with loud exclamations of pity, set her free. Some days elapsed after her release

before she could use her swollen foot at all ; but she was very happy to lie quietly in her basket, purring as loving hands stroked her.

Courage is a very noble quality, and we shall generally find that people with clear consciences possess it in largest measure. Such can well afford to be brave; for whatever happens, they at least have nothing to fear. There are various kinds of courage, and one of the most desirable is the bravery of defending the weak and helpless against the strong and wicked, though we know we shall get nothing by doing so but God's and our own heart's approval. And what higher or richer reward could we wish for? To walk through life at peace with ourselves and Heaven, while we war against the tyranny of wrong over right, of evil over good, is to journey along with angel-guides singing to us all the way we go, inspiring our minds with courage, and nerving us to conquer all the foes who oppose our progress to the Promised Land.

## OUR LITTLE CAT.

---

WE have a little cat, well dressed  
In coat of glossy fur,  
Her temper is so sweet, her life  
Is one continued "pur."

She lies with kittens purely white  
In basket by the fire ;  
But should a stranger dog intrude,  
How fearful is her ire !

She flies and mounts a stair or two,  
So, level with his nose,  
With paw between the balusters  
She deals her rapid blows.

Well pleased she marks him quickly make  
His exit by the door ;  
Then to her basket she returns,  
And sings a song once more.

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## ANECDOTES OF CATS.

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Oh, very well behaved are some,  
And some are badly taught ;  
And some are worth their weight in gold,  
And others good-for-naught !

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SELF-CONTROL is a virtue well worth cultivating. Indeed, we cannot be manly, unselfish, or even honest, without it ! It may be difficult for some young people to walk through beautiful gardens in summer-time and resist the strong temptation to take only just one blushing peach or purple plum from the wall when nobody is near to see ; but if such inclination be not controlled, they will be no better than the ragged thieves who prowl about houses to plunder whenever opportunity offers, and get locked up for their dishonesty. It is a grand thing to be able to send your children to play all among the currant and gooseberry bushes, where the red fruit hangs from

every green bough, feeling sure they have sufficient self-control to abstain from touching it, unless you give them permission to gather and eat. Such boys and girls will grow up trustworthy men and women, incapable of stooping to mean and dishonourable actions.

We have occasionally been amazed to observe to what a large extent this admirable faculty of self-control has been cultivated by some dumb animals! We once accepted an invitation to dine with an eccentric old gentleman, who was extremely fond of his handsome tabby cat, one of the best-mannered creatures with which we were ever acquainted. When our host led us to a seat at the table beside him, we observed a mat placed between the pile of plates and the large sirloin of beef before him. This was presently occupied by the big tabby, who lay quietly down, closing his eyes as if asleep, and remained perfectly motionless till the repast was over. The delicious smell of the roasted joint so close at hand, and the tempting little morsels of meat that dropped occasionally from the carver's knife into the dish almost at pussy's nose, did not once cause

this well-tutored animal to lose his self-control. There he lay (certainly wide awake, for the clatter of knives and forks would keep him so), patiently waiting for his turn to come to enjoy a bountiful meal when the family dinner was over.

Good cat! we have never forgotten his wonderful obedience! Well did he deserve the constant indulgence shown him by the kind old gentleman, on whose knee he always sat while he took his afternoon nap. Many years have elapsed since we last saw this well-disciplined animal, and he must have died, and was doubtless buried long ago; but we think our youthful readers may usefully study this tabby cat's fine example of self-control, and therefore we record his good conduct.

Of an entirely opposite character is the behaviour of another cat with whom it is our misfortune to be acquainted. It is next to impossible to take a meal in comfort when she is in the room. The lady of the house where she resides confesses that puss makes herself a thorough nuisance by scratching at her visitors' elbows for every morsel they take; but

she does not deem it necessary to have her shut up in another room till the cloth is removed. We have seen this untrained animal succeed in the most dexterous manner in snatching a piece of meat with her paw from a fork held by a gentleman at dinner, and conveying it to her own hungry mouth! We are assured that the creature is properly fed, despite its extreme thinness; but for all this, its appetite is wolfish and insatiable.

Lately we were for a moment startled by seeing a guest, who was giving a most interesting account of his travels in Sweden, point suddenly and vigorously down the table. Turning, we saw the thievish animal in the act of abstracting a sardine from a dish.

A man in humble circumstances called one evening on the lady who owned this troublesome animal, to ask her advice relative to a situation he had in view. When she entered the room he at once drew her attention to a thin slice of bread and butter lying on the edge of the table, earnestly informing her that the cat had jumped up in his presence and drawn it from the plate. The poor

fellow was evidently suffering some discomfort from the fear that suspicion might possibly be attached to him in the matter.

It was once our good fortune to become possessed of an extremely high-principled cat, which we called "Tol-de-rol Gray." The origin of the peculiar prefix to this animal's name has faded from our recollection, but our readers will soon understand why our cat bore also the title of Gray.

In early days we were sent on one occasion by our mother on some kind errand to a good old woman who lived in an almshouse just outside our village. Mrs. Gray had a very sweet and contented expression of countenance ; and as long as she lived her seat in the front of the gallery of the country church was never empty when it was open for service. In all kinds of weather the little old lady might be seen in her black bonnet and scarlet cloak trudging along under the shadow of the great elm trees to her accustomed place in the house of God.

She was always pleased when we knocked at



the door in the old porch, over which a rose tree climbed and blossomed; and we were also happy to chat with the aged woman, and cultivate the acquaintance of the cat we afterwards named Tolde-rol Gray.

Our admiration of this cat was first excited by seeing her sitting quietly beside a basin of milk which had been set down on the brick floor of the cottage. As she appeared to think it her duty scarcely to look towards the delicious beverage—so tempting to pussies generally—we inquired if she did not like milk, and heard with surprise that she was extremely fond of it, but was far too honest to touch a drop that was not actually given to her. To prove the truth of what she told us, Mrs. Gray poured some of the contents of the basin into a saucer, which she set before the cat, who proceeded at once to drink it with evident enjoyment.

We cannot quite remember whether this conscientious animal came into our possession before or after the good old lady's death, but we are quite sure that for a long period we had not a less



"COREOPSIS."

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thievish cat upon our premises than Tol-de-rol Gray.

Coreopsis was a fine slate-blue tabby belonging to a near relative of ours, and of great value in its owner's estimation. When presented to him, in early kittenhood, the flowers whose name the cat afterwards bore were just in blossom in his garden, and the little creature was called after them.

Unlike most cats of his colour, Corrie, as he was usually styled, grew to be of extraordinary size. His head was small compared with his immense body; his coat was silken and glossy, regularly marked with dark stripes; and he had an expression of patient endurance in his mild eyes. This large animal was naturally of a disposition indolent to lumpishness, and was, therefore, remarkable not so much for pleasing you by what it did, as for allowing you to do with it as you pleased. It would allow its master to wrap it in a cloth and roll it over and over with his foot under chair or sofa without the slightest expression of disapprobation on its part. And where it was rolled there it quietly and con-

tentedly lay, apparently as comfortable as though on the rug before the fire. We have seen this big cat handled in all sorts of queer ways, taken up by the hind legs and placed in most unnatural positions, but never heard it make the faintest protest against the treatment it experienced.

Corrie was a benevolent animal, of a sociable disposition. He occasionally invited other members of the feline family to share the comforts which fell to his pleasant lot; and once, on going into the dining-room, his mistress was amused to find him sitting between two strange cats on the rug before the fire.

If workmen came into the house, Corrie would sit quietly by, watching them patiently. Occasionally he would take up in his great paw any light material (such as wire) they might be using, and appear to examine it critically, as if in his master's interest.

This cat's sweet disposition caused him not only to be a particular pet with his indulgent master and mistress, but also a general favourite with all who visited the house where he resided. Very grieved,

therefore, were we to receive one morning a letter announcing his untimely death. Our readers will perhaps permit us to quote a few sentences from it verbatim : " We have had a great loss. Corrie was moving about in the front garden, when the cook suddenly was alarmed by loud barking and the screaming of a cat. She ran out and found poor Corrie in the grip of a powerful dog. She rescued the pet and brought him up to our bed-room, groaning and apparently suffering severe pain. On examination we found several wounds in his side, and in addition he seemed hurt internally. He lay quietly, taking nothing till Thursday night, when he began to cry out occasionally. Our cook would not go to bed, preferring to stay up and look after him ; and about half-past one the beautiful creature died peacefully. Weak as he was, he purred almost incessantly to the last, especially loudly when he was stroked or offered any milk. After death he looked as handsome as in life, with his head over the basket and his paws stretched out, just as he was accustomed to place them in token of welcome when any one approached his bed. It seemed, indeed, a shame

and a pity to bury out of sight so beautiful a creature."

So wrote Corrie's bereaved master, who long mourned the loss of his noble cat. Ah! it is sad to see even a dumb animal suffer and die. It is hard to miss even the familiar form of a cat from our hearth and home.

## C O R R I E.

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**H**E was the household pet and pride!  
A nobler cat you might have tried  
In vain to find through regions wide.  
Beloved, caressed, all wants supplied,  
No reasonable wish denied ;—  
Oh, how could cruel Fate divide  
The cords by sweet Affection tied ?

A creature grand, of temper tried,  
Not one his character belied ;  
And none who knew him e'er decried  
His beauty—size and strength allied.  
He was the young cats' kindly guide,  
Companion too, and friend beside ;  
He led them home at morning-tide,  
And seemed to say, " I here abide ;



And if you here for food applied,  
Not hungry would you stay outside."

Oh, hapless morning! Woe betide  
The day when savage dog espied  
The glossy favourite, gentle eyed!  
Alas! alas! for wounded side!  
Alas! for mourning eyes that cried,  
And would not let their tears be dried,  
(Let those who cannot feel deride,)  
When handsome Coreopsis died.



A BENEVOLENT CAT.

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## ANECDOTES OF CATS.

(CONTINUED.)

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The more we hear of them, still more  
We wish to learn about them ;  
The world "in which we live and move"  
Were not our world without them.

---

HOW wonderful are the dealings of Providence, and in what an unexpected manner is the life of a human being at times preserved ! A year ago we listened to a well authenticated and surprising tale of a poor man being delivered from a watery grave through the instrumentality of a distressed cat.

One foggy night two vessels came into collision in the English Channel, and one of them rapidly filled and sank in consequence. The other ship, which was less injured and remained afloat, lowered boats immediately to save, if possible, some of the

unfortunate crew of the lost vessel who were struggling in the waves. Having rescued, as they supposed, all the survivors of the wreck, the sailors returned with them to the ship. After they were safely aboard of her, they were astonished to hear, as if from some distance, the loud mewing of a cat. Amazed, they looked into each other's faces, wondering how a cat could possibly keep its head above water long enough to continue mewing in that doleful manner. But there was no mistake about its doing so; for louder, and yet louder, across the waves came the yells of the poor animal, as if imploring assistance. So puzzled were the ship's crew by sounds so unusual at sea, that some of them at length determined to lower a boat once more and row to the spot whence they seemed to come. Judge of their astonishment when they came upon a cat seated on the head of a floating human body, while it poured forth piteous cries. Poor puss and a man in an insensible condition were both speedily hauled into the boat, and afterwards received into the ship. The poor fellow had not been seen by the sailors who rowed about picking up drowning

men after the collision, and but for the mewling of the cat he must inevitably have perished. She had clung to him and sat upon his head to save herself, and her cries of distress were the means of rescuing him from a watery grave. When he recovered consciousness, grateful indeed he must have felt to the animal to whom under God he owed his life.

We have heard of a beautiful tabby belonging to the captain of a vessel, who took her with him in his voyages across the sea. This cat would go ashore at times when the ship was in the harbour, and once was accidentally left behind, so that the captain sailed without his usual companion. The vessel went this time only on a short trip, and after a month had elapsed, was back again in the harbour. Soon after, the handsome tabby made her appearance on deck with a fine fat kitten in her mouth, which she carried directly to the cabin below. The captain did not permit his cat to revisit the land, or probably she would have brought all her family to the ship; for two kittens strongly resembling their tabby mother were caught shortly afterwards

in a wood near the shore, perfectly wild. Strange to relate, though vessels similar to that which puss considered her home were continually sailing in and out of the harbour, she visited none, but as soon as her own arrived, went to it immediately.

Truly the discernment shown by some cats is extraordinary; and as for the affection they bear their owners, it defies distance and even time itself to diminish it.

A story has been told of a cat belonging to a gentleman living nearly a hundred miles from Dublin, to which city he afterwards removed with his family. For some reason it was deemed expedient to leave the poor animal behind, although this decision was much regretted by some members of the household with whom puss was a great favourite. The family had hardly been in their new residence a week when, as they were sitting chatting together one evening after tea, a cat, the exact counterpart of the affectionate creature they had left behind them, followed one of the servants into the room. So close was the resemblance that three or four of those present instantly called it

by their own pet's familiar name. Puss seemed delighted with its reception, and went from one to another with tail erect, rubbing against their legs, purring loudly. It was so difficult to believe that a cat could travel nearly a hundred miles in a week, and prove itself clever enough to discover its owners in their new abode among the numerous inhabitants of Dublin, that, despite the wonderful likeness, some of the family declared it to be impossible that the happy animal was their old favourite. But proof was speedily forthcoming that this puss was none other than their own cat; for, upon the gentleman taking it up on his knee to examine its claws, he found that they had been quite worn down in traversing the weary miles of that toilsome journey. Faithful creature! it is to be trusted that devotion so wonderful insured her a home till death among the friends she loved so well.

We have known cats burdened with homeless families who have been at great pains to secure places in kind households for their kittens, when these were old enough to lap and eat.



A short time ago a strange black cat obtained entrance into a comfortable house in which two single ladies resided. Proceeding to the drawing-room, she steadfastly regarded for some moments these ladies as they sat quietly talking as they worked, and their appearance seemed to give her satisfaction; for drawing closer she purred beside them, and received their caresses with evident signs of pleasure. She then commenced a close examination of the nooks and niches in the drawing-room, and presently leaving it, went upstairs, looking carefully into closets, and scrutinizing every corner of the house. The maiden ladies never saw the agreeable black cat again, but the day after her visit they were surprised to hear the mewling of a young kitten in a cupboard in their bed-room, and, looking into it, they beheld a small black living likeness of the animal they had stroked the day before. The mother had evidently desired to procure her child a good home, and for this purpose came on a visit of inspection to the house. Finding the ladies kind, and their surroundings comfortable, she must have departed to fetch her

kitten, which she contrived to introduce unobserved into the bed-room, and deposit in the cupboard, where it was afterwards found. We believe this cat's sagacious trust in the ladies' goodness to have been well placed, and that they became greatly attached to the little creature so strangely committed to their care.

A gentleman tells a tale of a tortoiseshell and white cat which lived in the house of a friend on the other side of the street, nearly opposite his own. This pussy appeared to appreciate the comforts of her home until she became the mother of four kittens. Then, strange to relate, she showed an unaccountable desire to change her residence, and leaving her old abode with a kitten in her mouth, entered the gentleman's house. Laying it down in a comfortable corner, she went and returned with another and another, till all the kittens were safely together once more.

Now, this cat had never before visited the gentleman's house, and having no desire for so many new pets, he ordered them to be conveyed at once back to their old home. Puss, however, soon

brought them all over again, and for a whole week daily the kittens were regularly returned to their own abode, and as regularly carried over to the gentleman's house. Perplexed with the perseverance of the cat, he determined to try if he could not starve her out; but when pussy found he did not supply her wants, she foraged for herself from house to house in the street, always returning to her family in the corner. At length perseverance had its reward; for, struck with the pertinacity of the animal, and worn out with unavailing efforts to defeat her purpose, the gentleman gave in, and adopted not only the cat but her whole family.

So rarely does a cat leave a good home, that we strongly suspect the subject of our tale had grave reasons for acting as she did. We cannot but think she must have met with ill-treatment from some member of the household, or she never would have left the home in so resolute a manner. Cats are forgiving animals, but they feel keenly neglect and ill-usage, and sometimes resent them.

We have heard of a fine black tom, of the name of Imp, who was extremely ill treated by a servant-

maid. She beat him so constantly and cruelly that he shrank in terror from her whenever she came near, hiding out of sight. One day this big cat observed his tormentor coming downstairs with a heavy tray piled with plates and dishes, and the knowledge seemed to dawn upon his feline mind that her hands were full and she was powerless to hurt him. This, then, was the hour of his revenge for all that she had made him suffer. Springing suddenly upon the girl, he attacked her so savagely upon the arms and face with teeth and claws that long afterwards she bore the well-deserved marks of the injured animal's vengeance.

Yet cats, though occasionally revengeful under severe provocation, have generous natures, and are often very gentle in their treatment of defenceless creatures. We have watched with pleasure a feline favourite of our own sitting under a veranda, looking kindly down upon a huge toad, which nestled among its feet as if seeking warmth and protection. Now and then puss would softly pat it with a velvet paw from which no claw protruded, but she never attempted to injure it in the least, though, with the

exception of its fine eyes, there was nothing attractive about the creature.

What a beautiful lesson this cat might teach some of us of kindness to those among our fellow-creatures who are not lovely to look upon! We have seen poor children so dreadfully disfigured from burns or scalds that their faces were almost repulsive through their misfortune. And we have pitied them deeply, and felt much grieved, when we observed boys and girls who had never met with any fearful accidents turning their backs upon these afflicted ones. If ever we see any dear children more attentive and kind to such than to others with pleasant faces, we rejoice in our hearts, and say those boys and girls will grow up to be noble, good, and unselfish men and women, because they love to be the considerate playfellows of afflicted children, from whom the unkind and thoughtless shrink.

## REMEMBER, REMEMBER!

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“**R**EMEMBER, remember  
The Fifth of November!”  
The children were merrily crying ;  
But wearily groaning,  
And painfully moaning,  
Poor James in his bed-room was lying.

His face was burned badly,  
And hands also sadly,  
Through playing at gunpowder treason ;  
The match that he lighted  
Some powder ignited,  
And almost deprived him of reason.

In time James grew better ;  
But, ah ! to the letter

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Fulfilled was his good mother's warning,  
Who said, that despising  
Her faithful advising,  
Some trouble would come of his scorning.

For eyes would grow tearful  
To see that face cheerful  
So seamed by those terrible flames ;  
Old friends their hands raising  
At change so amazing,  
Exclaimed, " Oh, this cannot be James !"

But though sadly altered,  
One friend never faltered  
In faithful, unchanging affection :  
His cat left him never,  
But sang to James ever  
Through seasons of deepest dejection.

## CATS AND BIRDS.

---

Alas! full many a pretty bird  
She slew, and would not spare ;  
But one bright feathered creature grand  
To touch she did not dare.

---

ONE of the favourite pastimes of the cat is bird-catching, and numberless are the pretty songsters whose happy existence has been cut short by her pursuit of this cruel sport. Yet we have observed with pleasure that even a defenceless bird has at times been able to save its own life by a resolute bearing, before which its natural enemy the cat quailed.

A short time ago we introduced a tame crow to our cat Jones. Her eyes instantly grew fiery, and her tail assumed a bottle-brush aspect, as she crouched as if to spring and devour. But the brave crow, nothing daunted, only drew nearer to the foe, and cawed loudly in her face. This so



cowed and astonished Jones that she instantly beat a hasty retreat, with an expression of terror in her odd eyes. Since that moment the crow has had nothing to fear from the cat. He walks fearlessly about the premises, sometimes coming to the kitchen door to take morsels of meat off the cat's plate ; but Jones never dreams of resenting the liberties taken by the bird.

Alas ! not nearly as fortunate as this crow was a beautiful dove we once possessed, which lived in our conservatory uncaged, and greatly endeared itself to the children of the household by its gentle and affectionate ways. One morning the glass door had been carelessly left ajar, and an enormous cat, which had often peered longingly through the windows, watching an opportunity to seize the tame bird, sprang suddenly in and killed the pretty pet in a moment.

We have a handsome rose-crested cockatoo, which enjoys nothing better than chasing a cat whenever he is permitted to leave his cage. This bird is extremely fond of children, and really enjoys their holidays as much as they do themselves. He

cries out in most exultant tones when he hears the delightful sound of their distant voices, and chatters and laughs incessantly. He calls the little ones so distinctly by name that they have at times replied, "We're coming," believing some member of the family wished to speak to them. But when Polly walks about the room saying, "Puss, puss," the cat is wise enough never to respond to his call; for if she appears he will pull her tail for certain.

One day we observed a large, strange tabby crouching in a corner of the library when Polly was at large and amusing himself on the floor. The cat was espied by the bird at the same moment we saw it, and before we could get across the room to cage the latter safely, Polly was hurrying to attack the stranger. We feared he would be immediately killed, or at the least severely hurt, by the savage-looking animal; but instead of hurting him, puss jumped from the corner over him, and rushed out of the open door.

It has been declared by some who have studied the feline character closely that cats are capable of

the feeling of jealousy, and the truth of this statement seems to be borne out by a story that is told by a lady concerning her cat and parrot.

This lady had kindly saved a poor young cat from drowning, and was ever afterwards regarded by the grateful animal with extraordinary affection. Not only was puss unhappy unless constantly beside her mistress in the house, but she actually followed her benefactress about the garden, and even when she went out walking, like a dog. All went smoothly and happily with the cat till the lady, who was fond of pets, purchased a parrot. When the bird was placed in the parlour, puss regarded the new-comer with astonishment; but when her mistress talked to it and petted it, she looked sulky in the extreme. In vain the lady stroked her and lavished caresses upon her; puss was far too jealous and unhappy to respond to them as usual. She would sit staring angrily at the bird for an hour at a time, appearing possessed of a spirit of discontent. Her mistress endeavoured to induce the unhappy animal to follow her about the garden as usual; but her efforts were useless, for puss refused to answer

her call. At length the lady perceived with regret that her cat's health was actually suffering from her aversion to the parrot, and with great reluctance she made up her mind to part with the amusing bird. Directly it was gone, puss became her own lively self again. Again she licked her fur, which had become rough with want of attention; once more she frolicked about the place, followed her mistress when she went out walking, and rubbed and purred about her feet in the old affectionate manner. It was perfectly plain that the cat had been actually jealous of the parrot, and was therefore miserable till her owner sent it away.

Yet cats are at times much attached to the feathered pets of the household in which they live. We once had a tame blackbird which was in the habit of escaping from his cage and playing all kinds of odd tricks about the house. Our cat had not a very sweet temper, but she never harmed him.

One morning we were surprised to find, on entering our dining-room, everything in a state of confusion. The rug was covered with fire-wood, small pieces of coal, and cinders, every article in our

work-basket was scattered about the floor, and there, in the midst of unrolled tapes, tangled cotton, pens from the inkstand, and other small articles, sat the vicar of the parish, waiting to speak with us. Doubtless the good man was mentally regretting our lack of tidiness, but we hastened to set ourselves right in his estimation by pointing out John, the real delinquent, who was standing inside the grate, looking with merry bright eye through the bars at the mischief he had done. Puss often watched the bird at his sports, but did not attempt to injure him. When he was tired of play he would hop inside the fender and lie there with wings outspread under the cat's very nose, quite sure that from her he had nothing to fear.

We sometimes feared John would half kill himself with this indulgence of his love of warmth. His mouth was frequently wide open, and he seemed to be panting for breath; but if we took him up and set him down on the rug beside the cat, he would speedily hop back to his old place inside the fender.

A blackbird that has been tamed and allowed



THE CAT AND THE BLACKBIRD.

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full liberty is frequently as tricky and mischief-loving as a magpie. We have seen one standing on a lady's dressing-table, amusing itself by pecking the pins from the cushion and dropping them on the floor. This lively bird was also clever at drawing little pictures out of their frames. It would hammer away with its beak at the small nails or beads which secured them in their places till its end was accomplished and the pictures fell on the ground. But if a blackbird is mischievous when tamed, he is often in his wild state very courageous. Indeed, he has even been known to fight with sufficient bravery in defence of his dear young family to vanquish his natural enemy the cat.

A fine tabby, prowling about in search of feathered prey, one day discovered a blackbird's nest in a bush that overhung an old fence. This nest was full of young birds, sheltered beneath the warm breast of their brooding mother, and puss saw no obstacle to prevent her from feasting on the helpless nestlings. Determined to accomplish this object, she clambered to the top of the narrow fence, throwing the horrified hen-bird and her defenceless



brood into a state of the utmost consternation. With terror in her bright eyes the poor mother uttered piteous and despairing cries, but they awoke no merciful response in the cat's savage breast. But just as all seemed over, and the big tabby was about to murder the innocents, out darted the cock-blackbird upon the marauder, full of rage and horror. The cat would have sprung upon him and settled him at once, had not the fence been so narrow that she would have lost her balance and fallen to the ground had she ventured to do so. Good, brave bird, the glare of her fierce green eyes did not scare him. Watching his opportunity, he suddenly darted on the back of her neck, and pecked her vigorously about the head and ears. Standing firmly in this strange position, the courageous blackbird continued his sharp practice, puss all the while wriggling, yelling, and vainly attempting to rid herself of so annoying an enemy. At length, turning suddenly to seize him, she lost her hold on the fence and tumbled to the ground. The bold bird darted down upon the cat, and taking up his old position behind her head, again and again

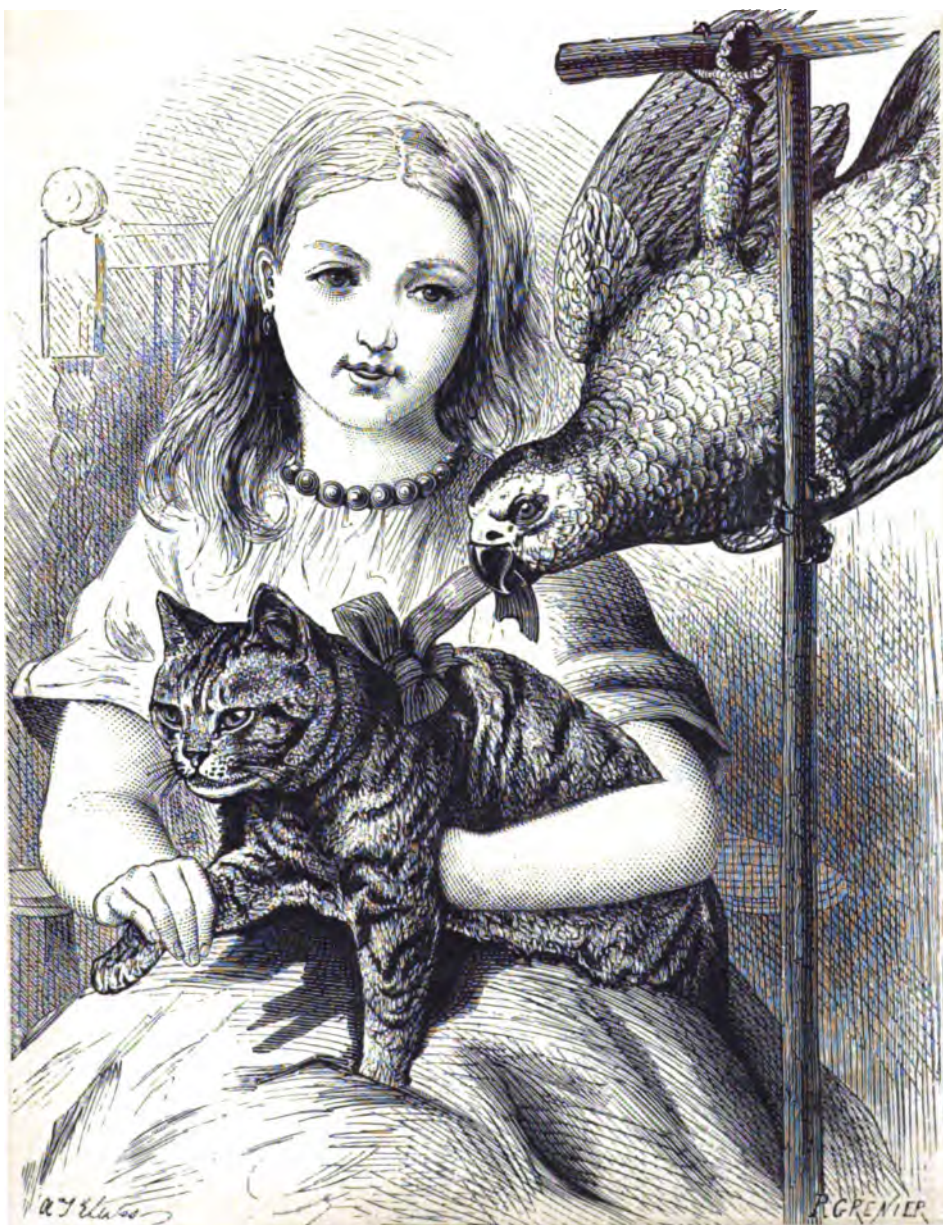
attacked her so violently that, smarting from his hard pecking, she beat a hasty retreat. We have read that this feathered warrior was so justly elated at the discomfiture of the foe, that, flying to a branch beside his nest of rescued fledgelings, he poured forth a melodious song of triumph, quite delightful to hear.

But puss, very naturally, could not at once relinquish the strong feline desire to feast deliciously on young and tender birds, and next morning forth she went once more, to take observations near the blackbirds' haunt. All was quiet, and the parent birds nowhere to be seen. Creeping stealthily to the fence and mounting it cautiously, she gathered herself together at its top, in order to make a determined spring upon the warm nest. But the watchful guardians were there, on the alert, as usual, to repel, if possible, all unwelcome intruders. As the cat trembled to spring, out darted the noble cock-bird again, and planting himself upon her neck as before, he hammered away at her head indignantly, till, screaming and clawing, she rolled over and over from fence to ground. After this defeat puss resisted all

temptation to venture upon the old fence for the third time ; but the brave blackbird kept a strict watch on all her movements, lest at any time she might be disposed to renew the attack upon his treasures. Often he might be seen hunting her about the premises, she flying before him like a veritable coward ; and when he had succeeded in driving the enemy far from his home in the sacred tree, he would return to his nest and sing his wonderful song of joy.

We may learn from this tale that a weak person whose cause is good may conquer a strong one with a bad cause.

Should a young lad be compelled to pass much of his time in the society of the idle and vicious, let him not exclaim hopelessly, " I cannot long remain upright, honest, and industrious among such companions. They will surely drag me down to their own low level, and ruin my hope of a useful and prosperous life." No ; let him rather say, " As I did not choose this society, I will trust in God that he may give me power to hold fast mine integrity." If he does this he will be surprised to find how,



A PARROT'S PRIVILEGE.

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through a strength not his own, he is enabled to gain daily victories over strong temptations which otherwise would have overwhelmed him. He will behold those who commenced an evil and for a time prosperous course come to grief and shame; for if we are wrong in the beginning, we shall not be right in the end. But he will stand firm and steadfast, and at the last will thank Heaven that he has been enabled to conquer giants of sin and temptation in the strength of God, who gave him the victory.

Cats are often the firm friends of cockatoos and parrots, whom they allow to come near them and even untie the ribbons on their necks with their hooked beaks, and share with them the bread and milk in their saucers. Dogs, like cats, do not object to the companionship of large birds. At Grindelwald, in Switzerland, a relative of ours saw a brilliant blue and yellow macaw walking about the steps of the hotel among half a dozen grand St. Bernard dogs. Nor only are cats and birds and dogs occasionally firm friends. Only last summer our large yellow puss, named Rufus, enjoyed nothing

so much as to spend his evenings in the companionship of two tame kangaroo rats, that came out of their holes at dusk and bounded about the garden.

A nice gentle cat spent most of her days in a loft, where she reared several kittens in peace and safety. A pretty pigeon built her nest in another compartment of this loft; but so unfortunate was the poor bird in having her eggs stolen from beneath her by rats, that at length she resolved to leave it and build a new nest near the spot the cat had selected for quiet and comfort. If she imagined the rats would not venture to molest her in quarters so close to their natural enemy, she was not altogether wrong in her supposition.

Puss appeared pleased that the pigeon, by building her nest so near, proved she was not afraid of her; and from that moment a remarkable friendship was established between the cat and bird. They took their meals out of the same dish, and passed many a happy week in the loft together. The rats never stole the pigeon's eggs now; and when the young birds struggled out of the shells, to their mother's delight, puss looked at the little

creatures curiously, but for her friend's sake did not dream of touching them. If the cat left the loft for a time, the pigeon took care of her kittens in her absence, flying at any creature that came near, pecking with her beak and beating with her outstretched wings. When the two friends had no young ones to protect and care for, they might frequently be observed together in the fields or garden, the bird flying by the cat's side as she wandered about the premises. Puss could have destroyed her gentle companion in a moment, had she been cruel enough to do so ; but she was incapable of acting with such meanness to her attached friend.

And so she taught us a beautiful lesson, that we shall sink lower than the brutes if we return evil for good. She set us an example never to requite kindness with harshness, but, on the contrary, always to show by our conduct how grateful is our remembrance of favours received.

On high, within a humble loft,  
They "lived and loved together,"  
And all was calm and peace within,  
However rough the weather.



That bird and beast must disagree,  
Is doctrine all erroneous ;  
For cat and 'pigeon dwelt in love,  
True, happy, and harmonious.

And though these two were most unlike  
In tastes and form and features,  
Less strife they had within their home  
Than many human creatures.

Oh, well it were if all, like them,  
To dwell in love consented,  
And learned in every state of life  
" Therewith to be contented."

## FOREIGN CATS.

---

Oh, it were worth a toilsome march  
O'er hill and dale to thee,  
To see the splendid cats I saw  
The other side the sea.

---

THERE are magnificent specimens of cats of varied colours and markings to be found in our English homes; but if we wish to meet frequently with long-haired feline beauties of remarkable size, we should travel on the Continent.

Near the beautiful city of Venice is a small island belonging to the Turks, in which is an Armenian monastery famous for the hospitality of its inmates, its museum, and its printing-press. To judge from the description sent us of its furry tenants by an eccentric English gentleman who visited this lonely isle, it might be noted for its cats also. Writing to us, he says: "There is one subject on which I have long intended addressing you seriously,—it is that of

cats. We inquired for your friend Father Bedros at the monastery, and he not only showed us all that was to be seen, but insisted on entertaining us in most hospitable fashion. In the printing-office was an enormous cat. I admired it, and made it growl. 'Oh,' said Father Bedros, 'he's nothing to one we have in the kitchen.' 'May I see him?' I asked; and was answered, 'With pleasure.' We went back into the parlour, and presently heard outside the door the tottering footsteps of one staggering under a heavy burden. The door was opened and a cat shot in like a sack of coals! Such an animal I never beheld. At first the creature snuffed about the door, and my friend feared he would fly at us; but I soon tackled him, and snorts and growls as of an enraged tiger resounded through the place. I inquired of Father Bedros, who stood regarding us with an air of paternal satisfaction, the weight of this noble beast. He replied, 'Sixteen kilos.' Now, as a kilos is two and one-fifth pounds, it follows that this magnificent cat weighed thirty-five pounds avoirdupois. I fully believed it did so, for never had I seen so enormous an animal."

The writer of this letter goes on to say: "I lately had the pleasure to let a Roman cat into his own house. In a back street we met a black animal walking hurriedly down towards the Corso. Seeing he was in a great hurry, evidently bent on business which he considered important, I of course intercepted him and turned him back. He retreated with a savage expression of countenance. Arrived at a certain house, he reared up and tried the latch. Looking through the window I saw several men drinking. I raised the latch and let puss in. The man at the head of the table rose and bowed three times in acknowledgment of the deed, but from the cat proceeded no sound nor look of gratitude.

"We have hitherto seen only three cats ecclesiastical. Cats secular have been encountered by the score,—hotel cats, shop cats, house cats, etc., etc. These secular beasts I have patted, stroked, held, squeezed, pulled, pinched, or pushed as opportunity offered; but the three sacred cats claim fuller description. They were all at the Church of Ara Coeli on the Capitol, and we came upon cat number one just as we had breathlessly climbed the one

hundred and twenty-four steps. He was a black fellow, with only one eye, and that eye was suspicious in both senses of the term. His manners were civil though reserved; but it needed great patience and diplomacy to get hold of his tail, but I flatter myself I pulled it.

“The two other cats were within the Sacred Fane. One was black and white, the other white and black, both brawny and fat. Black and White (for short B. W.) was asleep on a chair just inside the portal. I clutched him. He gazed upwards and glared as only cats can. I put my hands under his armpits and lifted him up. His eyes waxed awful. I addressed him soothingly; he mewed, or rather m-a-o-w-w-e-d in the tones of a Stentor. I replaced him on his chair and held him tight. I blush to say it—I hardly like to write it—he *swore!* I boxed his ears (you might as well have boxed a portmanteau), and left him. I never want to see him again.

“White and Black (W. and B.) was nearly as bad as B. W. I found him at the door waiting to go out. I tried to catch him; but he retreated into

a side chapel, the grating of which was locked, and positively—I own it sounds incredible,—positively put out his tongue at me! ‘All right, my fine fellow,’ said I, ‘we will see each other again after this.’ Soon afterwards I marked my gentleman sitting at the same door where I had seen him first. Of course he did not recognize me (cats are so stupid they never do), and let me approach him. Under pretext of opening the door for him I made a grab at him. He evaded me and fled outside. I followed swiftly, dexterously drove him into a corner, caught him (ha! ha!), and standing him up on end, held him as in a vice. His eyes dilated, his ears flattened and finally disappeared, his mouth opened mechanically; but terror forbade even a mew. Having ‘glutted my ire,’ I let him go. He shook himself, retreated half a yard, and then, after the imbecile fashion of his tribe, began to wash. In five seconds he had apparently forgotten my existence. So much for the three sacred cats of the whilom Temple of Capitoline Jove.

“At the Bretagne Hotel, Florence, a white and black cat seems to keep a number of people for the

express purpose of looking at him. Every morning about nine o'clock he comes out into the vestibule and (pardon the expression) 'plays the fool.' The master, the *concierge*, and every waiter who can be spared, hasten after him to look at him. Cabmen and boys collect outside, and visitors pause to watch him on their way to the Pitti. He is named Mascharino. We guessed his age to be six years, but he is only three and a half months old. The *concierge* seems to worship the cat, and every time I went by ran out to give me the latest news about him. Sometimes it was, 'Mascharino dort' (sleeps); sometimes 'Mascharino mange' (eats). Once, in a state of breathless excitement, he rushed out, saying, 'Il s'amuse, monsieur, avec le bouchon d'une bouteille' (He is amusing himself with the cork of a bottle). I never saw the chief proprietor but once, and that was one morning as we were gazing at Mascharino in the lobby. He (the proprietor) suddenly appeared at my side, and in a voice of unutterable solemnity, and pointing to the cat, said, 'Il joue toujours, monsieur. Il joue tous les matins et tous les soirs ; quelquefois il joue avec la queue.'

(He is always playing, sir. He plays morning and evening ; sometimes he plays with his tail.) What could I say but 'Vraiment!' (Really!) and gaze down in admiration upon this wonderful being, who was just then employed in toying with a waiter's shoe-string!"

A beautiful Angora cat with which we are acquainted must have brief notice in this chapter. These splendid animals are of Asiatic origin, but they are successfully reared in our own country. The fine fellow of whom we are about to speak lives in the house of a naturalist at Bishopsgate, and often sits at the open door of the shop, getting much admiration from the passers-by because of his long silken hair and magnificent tail. Once visiting the shop, and stroking the gentle animal, we inquired whether he never stole any of the numerous birds that lay about on shelves and counters waiting to be stuffed. We were informed that when the cat first entered the naturalist's home he was occasionally guilty of purloining some feathered beauty, and specially preferred a canary; but after a little whole-



some admonition and correction, the good creature learned so to govern his inclinations that it became perfectly safe to leave him quite alone, surrounded by pretty dead birds, not one of which he attempted to touch. Doubtless the fine Angora felt this self-denial to be very hard at first, but he soon acquired the good habit of being thoroughly honest, and reaped, in the affectionate treatment which he experienced at his master's hands, a rich reward for his trustworthiness.

## THE NATURALIST'S CAT.

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A NOBLE cat, with furry frill  
About his handsome neck,  
Who keeps his inclination strong  
For eating birds in check.

Bright creatures all around him lie  
On counter, stool, and shelf;  
He knows they wait the stuffer's art,  
So does not stuff himself.

Oh, beauteous are their rainbow dyes,  
And bright the gorgeous dress  
Of brilliant parrots, all arranged  
In wondrous loveliness.

And puss among them sits and purs,  
And this is all her song :  
" 'Tis better to deny myself,  
Than do my master wrong."

## FAVoured CATS.

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Companions were ye of the good,  
The gifted, and the great ;  
To poets ye have purred, and shared  
The noble captive's fate.

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CATS are known in every country. In old times they were objects of veneration, especially among the Egyptians. They have been the favourites of princes and monarchs, and celebrated men and women have studied, appreciated, and petted them in every age.

In Constantinople large numbers of cats have been kept and fed at the expense of the public, in remembrance of the regard which Mohammed is said to have had for a feline favourite which frequently lay hidden in one of the loose sleeves which the prophet wore. So attached was he to this animal that he would rather slip off his sleeve than disturb the sleep of his cat ; therefore the Turks

hold the feline race in superstitious veneration, and have even been known to build hospitals for the sick and aged among them.

That haughty and ambitious prelate, Cardinal Wolsey, was much attached to his cat, and never considered her intrusive. Those who attended his levees were often surprised to see this indulged favourite washing her face or licking her fur, seated on the arm or back of his throne of state. When forsaken by those who once fawned upon him and cringed before his splendour, puss remained faithful to her master, proving that change of circumstance was powerless to lessen her affection for him.

An illustrious lady, who was condemned to pass many days in a dreary prison, found that the unexpected presence of a cat tended to lighten many hours that would otherwise have dragged heavily. She never cared for cats till she became a captive ; but when after a while puss had kittens, and they grew old enough to frolic about the doleful place, she became greatly attached to them, for they were frequently the means of diverting her thoughts from her troubles.

The celebrated Petrarch, the sweet Italian poet, thought so much of a favourite cat that when she died he kept her in his studio, embalmed in Egyptian fashion.

The grave and thoughtful Dr. Johnson was never weary of his cat's company. Unlike some unkind persons, who turn from sick animals with disgust, which they petted while in health, when puss became ill he treated her with the tenderest consideration. He tempted her failing appetite with delicacies; and having induced her on one occasion to eat an oyster, he after that went out and bought oysters constantly for his cat, which he took home to her in his pocket, and fed her with them himself, till she fully recovered from her sickness, and was able to take her food as heretofore.

The gifted philosopher, John Stuart Mill, was a lover of cats, and had his special favourites among them. When engaged in penning his deep thoughts, he did not consider the cat at his elbow an intruder; and he would pace up and down his garden path, with the head of a favoured white kitten peeping out of the breast pocket of his coat.



THE CAT AND THE GOLD-FISH.

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A famous painter of Berne, who painted cats exclusively, was so devoted to these animals that he was almost heart-broken when many hundreds of them were destroyed by order of the magistrates of the city, because of the prevalence of hydrophobia. He had a dearly loved pet named Minette, with whom it would almost have been death to him to part. Godefroi Mind, for that was the artist's name, was never so engrossed with his work as he stood at the easel as to forget that his cat was in the room with him. Indeed, he never felt that his painting was progressing as he wished unless he continually talked to his favourite, lavishing endearing epithets upon her. If visitors came to his studio, puss always occupied her seat on his knee while he conversed with them; and when the dreadful edict went forth that the cats of Berne must die, Godefroi Mind was like a man distracted. He was, however, successful in concealing Minette and thus preserving her life till the panic had subsided; but his good spirits failed him from that time, and he seemed like a person who had received a blow from which he never recovered.



The poet Gray must have had a partiality for cats, or he would never have written the well-known verses on the unfortunate puss who was drowned in a "lofty vase" while attempting to claw out the gold-fish inside it. This incautious cat was not so successful as one we have read of, which belonged to a gentleman in Northumberland, which actually went out on fishing expeditions and captured eels and pilchards. Puss not only fished herself, but instructed a neighbour cat also in the fascinating sport, and the two might be seen together on the river-bank on the look-out for prey.

In the prosperous reign of "good Queen Bess" an unhappy nobleman had long been shut up in a gloomy prison for some political offence. One day he was startled by hearing strange sounds in the chimney of his apartment, and, to his intense delight and surprise, his own dear cat was soon purring about his feet. The faithful creature must have passed over numberless roofs in search of her master, and peered down hundreds of chimneys, before her extraordinary instinct led her to descend the shaft from which she emerged to solace him in his loneliness.

The late Pope (Pio Nono) was very fond of a fine black cat which was always his companion at meals, which would otherwise have been taken in solitude. One day this puss intruded into the chapel in which her master was saying mass, but he forbade his attendants to expel her.

Cats are frequently seen in Roman Catholic churches, and seem to be encouraged by the priests to visit them. On one occasion some relatives of ours, on entering the noble church of the Pantheon in Rome, observed two priests officiating at low mass at the chief altar. Their only auditor was a handsome tabby cat, which sat on a ledge below the altar, apparently much interested in the ceremony. It must have been an indulged ecclesiastical pet, or it never would have been permitted to occupy such a position.

Sir Isaac Newton had a kindly regard for cats, and allowed them to make themselves quite at home in his study. As the story goes, he was occasionally so disturbed in the midst of philosophical calculations by a cat and a kitten whom he indulged desiring to leave the room, that he had two holes

cut in the door, that they might come and go through them freely. One of these holes was made large, for the use of the cat, and the other was small, for the kitten to pass through. It is said that Sir Isaac was astonished to behold that the latter declined to make use of the small hole specially prepared for her, and actually went through the large one after her mother. It had not before dawned upon the philosopher's great mind that one opening was sufficient for the two.

The famous philosopher has long passed away, and all that remains to us of him are the grand discoveries he made, and the wonderful "thoughts he wrote down for men;" and Petrarch, and Wolsey, and Gray, and Dr. Johnson are gone also, and of the beautiful cats they petted and made friends of no single trace remains. But love and kindness are immortal, and they will endure long after all that is earthly has fallen into decay. He who wisely cultivates these beautiful God-given feelings to such an extent that even some poor dumb animal is happier for belonging to him, grows daily in closer resemblance to our beneficent

Creator, who is not too great to care for the welfare of the meanest of his creatures. It is for our recreation, and to call forth our sentiments of love and pity, that he has given us those interesting domestic pets which contribute so much of adornment to our homes, and make such lovely living playthings for our children.

How much we may learn of our cats we cannot find room to tell in the concluding chapter of this little volume. But this we may ask—Who, when laid aside with serious illness, ever bore his sufferings with more exemplary patience than a cat exhibits when agonized with acute pain? Death alone has power to silence her sweet contented song. And who, like this enduring creature, is so slow to show resentment for injuries received? Tread on her tail by accident, and observe how soon and how fully she forgives you for your carelessness. Do you always feel as good-natured and ready to pardon when an awkward person has given you pain? Only stroke puss, or pay her some trifling attention, and her gratitude will frequently know no bounds, for she is more sensitive than even

a human being to kind or harsh treatment. Then see how patiently the good cat will sit by your side at dinner, with all the tempting dishes on the table before her, but making no effort to help herself, only quietly watching and waiting till her turn should come to be fed. Would you not feel it hard to do this were you hungry?

Ah, pussy well deserves our affection, for she has earned our respect. Let us never have to regret, if we live to grow old, that we were ever cruel, even to a cat. For love is of God, but cruelty is of the Devil. If we are considerate of the feelings and wants of dumb creatures, how much more shall we be so of the needs and wishes of the human beings among whom our lot is cast. When the eye sees us, it will bless us; when the ear hears us, it will be glad; and our lives will be holy, calm, and happy: for Heaven itself comes into the heart with Love.

## G O O D - B Y E !

---

**G**OOD-BYE! The many tales are told  
Which we have striven to unfold,  
Of modern cats, and cats of old—  
Good-bye !

If more are prompted as they read  
To help dumb creatures in their need,  
Their claims we did not vainly plead—  
Good-bye !

If hearts, once thoughtless, thoughtful grow,  
And kindly solace feline woe,  
With pleasure shall our feelings glow—  
Good-bye !

Good-bye ! the season is but brief  
In which our hands may give relief  
And soothe both brute and human grief—  
Good-bye !

---

Good-bye, young friends! Life's little day  
Full soon will close: walk while ye may  
In Wisdom's safe and pleasant way,  
And Love's sweet dictates still obey;  
Then rise where none will ever say,  
Good-bye!





The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the research and the objectives of the study. It then proceeds to a literature review, followed by a description of the methodology used. The results of the study are presented in the next section, followed by a discussion of the findings and their implications. The paper concludes with a summary of the main points and a list of references.

The research was conducted in a systematic and rigorous manner, following the principles of good research practice. The data collected was analyzed using appropriate statistical methods, and the results were presented in a clear and concise manner. The findings of the study are discussed in detail, and their implications for practice and policy are explored. The paper is well-structured and easy to read, and it provides a valuable contribution to the field of research.

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